Camping WITH DADDY'S GRUMPY
MOUNTAIN MAN
ADULTS EROTIC SHORT STORY OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN, AGE-GAP PREGNANCY, EXPLICIT QUICK READ
IZZIE VEE

Camping with Daddy's Grumpy Mountain-Man: Adults Erotic Short Story

Older Man Younger Woman, Age-Gap Pregnancy, Explicit Quick Read

IZZIE VEE

Forced & Steamy Romance, Reverse Harem, Spanking Virgin

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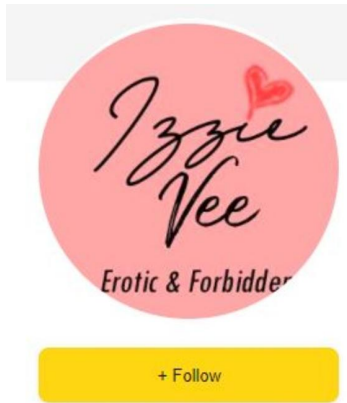

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Table of Content

Camping with Daddy's Grumpy Mountain-Man
- Important Readers' Note
- Chapter 1
- Chapter 2
- Chapter 3
- Chapter 4
- Chapter 5
- Chapter 6
- Chapter 7
- Chapter 8
- Chapter 9
- Chapter 10
- Chapter 11
- Chapter 12
- Chapter 13
- Chapter 14
- Chapter 15
- Chapter 16
- Chapter 17
- Epilogue

Chapter 1

Ruth

"I promise Dad, it'll be fun," I said as my dad rounded the table and served my breakfast – well, just a slice of toast actually.

"I know honey, I don't doubt that, but you know how my schedule is at the hospital. It's hard to get away sometimes," he said, and I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.

"I'm only here for the summer and then I'll be gone. We barely get any time to spend with each other," I argued while he quickly took a seat and sipped on his coffee.

"I know, I know, but –"

"I've wanted to go camping since I was little," I reminded, cutting him off before he had the chance to rebut.

He adjusted his glasses a little and sighed. "Listen, why don't you go with one of your friends? Then, if I can catch up, I will, but I'm the director of the hospital, honey – you can understand my time is limited," he said, glancing at his watch.

I suddenly felt a pang of guilt crash into me. "I know. It's just that the city can be so overwhelming at times. I always wanted to go camping, get out for a while, take in some fresh air, and experience nature. And you know Ashley, the only friend I have, and she's definitely not a fan of camping."

He got up from his chair and rounded the table to kneel beside me. I met his gaze. "Okay, we can reschedule this for another –"

"No. No. No way." I shook my head, my determination set in stone, "I'm not rescheduling for like the ninety-ninth time. I'll be going. I must be able to think of someone who'd --."

I chewed on my bottom lip with my thoughts racing. I wanted this so badly, and I didn't want to wait another year. My eyes popped open as a thought came to me, and I glanced down at my dad.

"How about Denver?" I quickly asked.

Dad's brows furrowed before he got up. "Denver?" he asked.

"Yeah, he's your friend, right? And he lives exactly where I want to go. It'd be perfect – he could er … he could be like a guide of sorts," I said, the words falling from my lips as soon as the thoughts

came. This hadn't been something I'd thought about – at least not this part, but I already saw how good of an idea it was as soon as it popped up in my head.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Denver is a great guy, but you two have never met – are you sure you'd want to –"

"Of course," I was quick to say. "You trust him, right?"

He gave me a deadpan look and walked towards the sofa to grab his workbag. "Of course, I trust him, but I want to be certain this is something you want. I could call Denver and ask, but you have to be sure."

Based on what my dad always said about Denver, I didn't mind being there with him. Dad always made him seem like a really cool guy, and since he didn't have many friends, I always believed. Plus, Denver lived in one of the best states for camping, and since my dad always said he knew all there was to know about it, I figured he'd be the best guide. Plus, I wanted to finally meet the man who was clearly an important figure in my dad's life.

"I'm sure Dad. Don't you think he'd want me there?" I asked just for clarity.

He scratched his head. "Er… Denver is a great guy, but he's a bit funny at times. I'm not sure he'd want to go camping with…"

I frowned. "Someone my age?"

"Well… yeah."

"Dad, I'm an adult and perfectly capable of taking care of myself…"

"Honey, I know that, but Denver spends most of his time alone. I'm not sure how he'd react to this."

"That's why you should come, too!" I insisted.

He sighed heavily. "I wish I could, sweetheart, I really do, but I'm not sure…"

"Could you ask him, at least?"

He nodded. "Yeah, I could do that, but don't get your hopes up too much, okay? I'm not sure what he'll say."

"Yeah, okay."

He quickly placed a kiss on my forehead. "I'll call him as soon as I get the chance." He was already on his way out the door. "Don't wait up okay; I don't know when I'll be home. I love you!" With that, he was gone, and I was left with only thoughts, thoughts of how much

I wanted this camping trip fantasy to become a reality.

It was almost suffocating being in the city and being in college didn't exactly make that easier. I needed a break – from everything. I wanted to clear my head, fill my lungs with non-polluted air and get some peace and quiet. If I had to experience it alone, then so be it. I just wished my dad would at least take a day to experience it with me because I knew, even though he didn't say, he probably needed a break from the city, too.

I didn't even care whether or not Denver agreed, though I knew he'd be the perfect guy to help me maneuver through the strange place, but I'd gladly do it all alone if it came to that.

I sighed and shoved my plate away before I headed upstairs. My phone rang as soon as I entered the bedroom, and I smiled, already knowing who it was. It was my only friend and roommate in college – Ashley.

"Heya," I greeted, flopping down on my bed.

"What's up?"

"Ugh, where should I start," I groaned, hiking up my glasses a bit more on my face. "My dad still isn't interested in going camping with me," I said.

Ashley scoffed. "You're still on about that? I didn't know you were serious about doing it," she said.

"Of course, I am. I've been wanting to do this since I was a kid, and that hasn't changed."

"Hmm, well I'm a city girl through and through. I can't relate to the woods and the things that live there. Do you know bears lurk in those areas?"

I swallowed hard since I was afraid of bears and the possibility of being mauled by one. But I never thought of that before now; I only always wanted to camp.

"I'm sure I'll be fine, but I want to get away for a bit y'know. College has been enough stress, and I just want to…breathe."

"Yeah, I feel you, and I wish I could take the trip with you, but I'd rather party with kegs of beer going down my system. I'm definitely not the nature girlie, babes."

I smiled. "I know, and that's fine. I'm also fine with taking the trip alone if that's what it takes. I just wish my dad wasn't so busy y'know… I can't ever seem to get him to spare five minutes…"

“Ever since your mom died?” she finished for me.

I cleared my throat. “Yeah.”

“If this is something you want, don’t let anything stop you from doing it.”

I smiled. “Yeah, I think so, too. Thanks, Ash.”

“Although, I also think it’s summer, and you should be partying and riding dicks for the first time in your life.”

I cringed. “I regret ever telling you I’m a virgin.”

Ashley laughed. “You’re out of your teens, in college and still a virgin. This should be something in the world book of records or something. It’s rare.”

I rolled my eyes. “Well, I’ll be twenty-one in a few months, and it’s still not gonna happen before then.”

“Who knows Ruth, some dick may come your way before then.”

I scoffed. “Yeah, I don’t see that happening.”

Ashley giggled. “Anyway, a friend of mine is hosting a party tonight. Wanna come?”

I scratched my head. “You know I’m not the party type.”

Ashley scoffed. “You’re such a nerd.”

I grinned. “I’m sorry you have to be stuck with that for the rest of your life,” I mocked.

Ashley groaned. “Please come. I’ll have nobody to talk to since everyone else are snobs.”

I smiled. “Okay. I guess I could spare an hour.”

“Right, plus if you do decide to go camping in another state, you might as well indulge me since I’ll be missing you for a while.”

“Yeah, you’re so right.

**

I got dressed in jeans and a pullover hoodie later that night. Since my dad also worked late shifts, I knew he still wouldn’t be home even after I came back. There was no point in even texting him to tell him I wouldn’t be home since he wouldn’t even be home earlier.

A car honked outside, and I grabbed my phone and stuffed some cash in my pocket before I ran downstairs to meet Ashley. She waved

through the window of her Mini Cooper while I closed up. I walked to her, adjusting the glasses on my face before I entered the car.

I flopped down with a sigh, looking across at Ashley who wore skinny jeans and a cropped-top. She had a full face of makeup and her signature glossy lips, which made their fullness more profound.

"What's up with the hoodie?" she asked as she drove off.

I looked down on the shirt, which I'd had for a couple of years now. "Why not?"

Ashley sighed. "Ruth, I told you we were going to a party, not to grab pizza."

"It's comfortable," I defended.

"Ever wondered why you don't have a boyfriend?"

"Because I'm not looking?" I quipped.

Ashley rolled her eyes. "You're such a babe, but it's like you do the most to cover it all up. Guys would be dropping at your feet if you even made a simple effort to dress-up."

"Ash, you must know by now that I'm not particularly interested in having relationships with boys whose sole purpose is to have sex with as many women as they can. I can't allow myself to be a part of their tally," I explained.

"OMG," she said, her voice tainted with laughter as she spoke. "Why do you always have to make things seem so technical? It's a win-win. Who cares what they want when you're getting what you want as well."

"And what's that?" I was keen to know.

"A good time," she said with a deadpan look on her face.

"I hardly think these college boys are even skilled in bed."

Ashley laughed. "Sounds like you want a man between your legs, Ruth."

I chewed on my bottom lip, feeling a slight warmth in my cheeks. "I mean, would it be a bad thing being with someone who's more experienced and mature in certain areas?"

Ashley scoffed. "Older men want commitment. You're not even at the cusp of adulthood – you have your whole life ahead of you."

"Commitment isn't a bad thing," I added.

Ashley slowed the car to look at me. "So, you'd really settle down with someone at this point in your life?"

“If I find the right person, I guess so. I don’t like the idea of sleeping with multiple men just for the sake of having fun. There are too many risks involved. If, by chance of miracle, I find someone now who shares the same desires as I do, then I’d gladly commit.”

Ashley laughed again. “I can’t believe this.”

I shrugged. “We all have our preferences and our own opinions. I won’t judge you for what you choose to do with your life, and I expect the same from you.”

“I’m not judging; I just want you to have a good time in college. You can focus on your studies and have a good time all at once.”

“And I intend to,” I chipped in.

She flashed me a look that had me laughing.

“You’ll know what I’m talking about when you finally have someone pop that cherry of yours,” Ashley said.

“You think I’m going to become a raging nymphomaniac once I have sex?” I questioned.

Ashley shrugged. “It’s not impossible. Sex opens a whole new world for some people.”

I snorted. “Please.”

Ashley only raised a brow.

**

We arrived at the house party about ten minutes later. Cars were parked outside the huge two-story house, persons were gathered on the lawn, talking and making out while some guys chased each other as if they were in kindergarten. I hugged my shoulders – not because it was cold, but because I wanted to wrap into myself like a turtle and hide away from all this.

Music thrummed from inside the house, and I just knew it would be more chaotic in there than the outside. Ashley was beaming like a child in a candy-shop, a bright smile on her face while her green eyes roamed the place.

“Come on, let’s go,” she said as she grabbed my hand and led the way towards the house.

I walked alongside her, my eyes still sweeping the perimeter. The more I walked and the longer I looked, the more I realized that maybe a hoodie made me stick out a bit too much. Not that I cared,

but I didn't exactly want everyone to be looking at me like a sore thumb.

As if reading my thoughts, Ashley stopped in her tracks and turned to me, her eyes sweeping down my frame.

"Maybe lose the hoodie this time… please?" she said, baring her teeth.

I didn't protest this time around. Instead, I pulled the zipper down and pulled it from my arms. I had on a white tank top beneath. Ashley grinned as she looked at me.

"Damn, I always envy your boobs. They're so big and perfect."

I rolled my eyes. "Come on!"

She giggled as we continued to walk, but it made me look down on myself. Yes, my breasts were large – larger than I liked at times since they barely allowed me to fit into majority of the cute tops I'd always liked. Ashley always said they were the perfect type that people were dying to get and after a while of her saying so, I'd grown convinced.

The house was packed, as expected, and the scent of beer settled in the room like a fog. Mixed with the varying perfume scents, it was almost difficult to breathe.

Ashley immediately went to a table with kegs of drinks and handed me a cup she poured. The table was surrounded by college students who looked at me as if I were an odd ball. Ashley, they knew but me – not so much.

I put the cup to my mouth and allowed the alcohol to wet my lips. The taste was putrid, but I did my best not to make a face. My gaze shifted to one of the guys I realized was staring. He was tall and athletic, and I had no doubt he was part of the school's football team. He even wore their jacket, which was a pale blue that emphasized his eyes. He was handsome, and I bet all the girls who were into men like that would fall at his feet on command.

He smiled at me, and I forced one just to be polite. I knew his intentions. Despite my lack of experience, I'd watched enough movies, read enough books and observed enough people to know what this was.

Like clockwork, he rounded the table of people and came to stand beside me.

"Hey, Ashley's friend, right?"

As if he didn't just see me walk in with her. "Yeah," I said.

He took a sip of his drink, his blue eyes trailing over my cleavage. God, I wished I'd kept the hoodie on.

"I'm Grant."

I smiled. "Ruth."

He brushed his hand across his nose. "A group of us are heading out shortly. We're gonna do a bonfire by the beach. Wanna come?" he asked.

"Yeah, I don't think so, sorry."

I stiffened when he slipped his hand around the small of my waist. "I promise it will be fun," he said, his breath hot at my ear.

I shifted a little. "No," I said, looking him right in the eye.

When he saw how serious I was, he scoffed and then left. Ashley turned to look at me, a smirk on her face. I rolled my eyes and took a gulp of my drink, forgetting that the taste was horrid.

I frowned as I swallowed but was sure about one thing. College boys certainly wouldn't cut it for me, and maybe my virginity still had a couple of years to remain intact.

Chapter 2

Ruth

The following day after getting out of bed, I went down for breakfast after Dad said he wanted to have a word with me. Dad already had a coffee in hand, and I went to pour myself a cup before I took a seat around the dining room table, waiting for him to talk. I was already on the edge of my seat, knowing it had to be something about the trip since it was the only thing we'd talked about for the past couple of days.

"So Denver agreed. He said he wouldn't have a problem with you being there for a couple of days," he said.

My back straightened in the chair; I could feel the smile stretching across my face. "He did?"

"He did."

I clapped my hands together. "Awesome."

He slowly nodded his head. "I suddenly wish I was there to see you two meeting for the first time."

I smiled. "It's not too late to come."

He gave me a look that told me all I needed to know. "Maybe next time?"

I raised a brow. "Whenever that is."

**

I packed my carry-on with a frown on my face, still pissed that no amount of convincing had worked with my dad after days of trying. He wasn't coming, and since he was always busy saving lives, I couldn't even let him see how pissed I was. Clearly saving people was better than taking a few days off with his daughter. That I understood, but that didn't make it suck less.

I grabbed my phone from the bed, slung my tote over my shoulders and reached for the suitcase I'd placed at the door. Dad was on a call downstairs, and I could hear every bit of it as I descended the stairs. It was work as usual – there was nothing else but work.

He ended the call as soon as I entered the living room and

smiled at me. “You’re ready; awesome.”

He came to grab my suitcase, and I followed behind, dumping my luggage in the trunk of his car.

“Maybe after you come back, we could do something together,” he said as he packed them into the back. I knew I couldn’t hold my breath, but I smiled despite myself.

I jumped in the front seat beside my dad when we were done, and I couldn’t help the smile that blossomed on my face as we drove away from home.

A few minutes in, I turned to him. “How comes Denver has never come to visit, by the way?” I asked, wanting to mute the silence as we drove to the airport.

“He likes to keep to himself, but he’s a good guy. He came for your mother’s funeral, but I don’t think you noticed.”

“Yeah, I don’t think I remember much about that day.”

“Yeah.”

“You mentioned that Denver lives in the mountains, right?”

“Yeah, he has his cabin there. His life pretty much revolves around him being by himself.”

I shrugged. “I can relate. What did he study in college by the way?”

“Er, I think it was computer sciences or something like that. The guy’s a genius when it comes to tech, and it’s perfect for him; he does most of his work online, so he doesn’t even have to go out much.”

“Oh, that’s great.”

“He’s put all that on the down-low the past couple of years though. He’s chosen a somewhat simpler life. He’s a logger now.”

I frowned. “A logger?”

“Er, yeah… some people say lumberjack, wood cutter – they’re all the same.”

“How’s that simpler than sitting around a computer screen all day?” I asked. “That sounds like a lot of work.”

Dad shrugged. “Well, honey, sometimes the simplest task can be the hardest when your heart’s not in it.”

I pondered that. “Well, that’s true.”

“Yeah. He’s a good guy. I trust him with my life, even though

it's been a long time."

My brow perked up. "Wow."

He nodded. "I've told you this many times, but I was always a nerd growing up, and when I got to college, I met Denver and thought he'd bully me, too – he was one of the cool kids. He always stood up for me and scored me a few points throughout my college life. People didn't pick on me as much once they figured out that I was his friend."

I smiled as I eased back into my chair, feeling more at ease. It reminded me of myself and Ashley. Ashley was the cool one, and I was the uncool with the glasses.

**

We arrived at the airport; my dad had promised he'd stay until I boarded my flight, but as soon as his phone rang, I just knew that wouldn't be happening. He pulled my suitcase to a halt and held up a finger at me before he dug into his pocket and retrieved his phone, taking the call.

"What – okay, okay, listen. I'm at the airport now, but I'll be there in the next twenty or so minutes…yeah, sure thing. Bye."

When the call ended, he scratched his head and glanced at me. "There's an emergency at the hospital – a multiple car collision on the highway; they need everybody." He gave me one of those looks - a tight smile and a pitiful gaze.

I sighed and shook my head. "It's fine, Dad. Go and save the world like you always do."

He held both my shoulders and looked me in the eye. "You'll be in the best hands, but if you decide this isn't what you want right now, you can come back home with me. You don't have to go alone."

I took off my glasses and rubbed my eyes. "I want to. Plus, it won't be for long; a week with just two days for camping. I'll be back in no time, but I need the break, I need to experience life outside of a city."

He smiled. "I get that."

I nodded, smiling. "I'll be fine, Dad. Worse case is this guy is an unbearable ass, and you already said he's the coolest guy you know – except for his silent phases."

"Certainly is. Denver will make sure you have everything you want, both for camping and otherwise, but I already sent some money

to you, plus what you have on you right now."

"Yes, Dad, I'll be fine," I couldn't help but laugh.

He sighed in relief. "I'm sorry I couldn't make it this time around honey, but I promise, I'll make this up to you somehow."

I nodded. "I'm counting on it."

He pulled me in for a hug, catching me by surprise. "Denver will be there to meet you at the airport, okay?"

I nodded.

"I love you--" He paused suddenly and smacked his forehead. "Shit, you probably don't even remember what Denver looks like. I'll send a pic, so you know who to look for… I'll maybe have to ask him to send me one or something."

"You not having a picture of your friend is the strangest thing," I pointed out.

He scoffed. "Honey, we're middle-aged adults, not teenagers. Neither of us has the time nor interest to be 'snapping' and sending pictures back and forth."

I grinned. "Whatever you say."

He launched in for a kiss on the forehead before he handed me my suitcase. "Text me as soon as you land."

"I will; I love you."

"I love you too, Sweetheart," he said.

I smiled, watching as he scurried out of the airport lobby. I feigned a sigh as I turned, ready to face the world ahead of me. With my dad gone, I now felt a slight tad of nervousness toiling in my gut, but the consistent reminder I needed this more than anything was what kept me going.

I was ready for this.

Chapter 3

Denver

I huffed out a breath and glanced at my watch, already getting impatient for waiting this long. I was close to being pissed and had already been close to the edge ever since I agreed to be host to a girl I didn't even know.

I didn't know how to feel about that, and now that the time had come, I felt more unsure. Tom, I knew, his offspring – not so much. Plus, I wasn't in the habit of babysitting and didn't want a spoiled city girl around who had no idea of what the world was like outside of her phone.

I should have said no. I should have come up with an excuse or downright said I wasn't interested in being a host to a damn girl. But Tom was always so goddamn kind, and he never asked for anything. This time, he only asked that I took care of his daughter on her one-week trip to explore nature.

I leaned against my truck and glanced at my watch again, wondering how long I'd have to wait. The weather was sweltering, and I needed some cooling off somewhere. I watched as the sea of people went back and forth from the parking lot, how some greeted their loved ones with screams and laughs – all seemingly over the moon to be reunited with their people.

My gaze scanned the area again, and I did a doubletake when I saw a slender girl moving towards me, looking around as if she had no idea where she was going. She caught my attention with bone straight auburn hair bouncing over and around her shoulders, a few strands seemingly caught ablaze under the sun. She was petite but quite busty for her size. I raised a brow at her, knowing girls with tits were always my weakness. I've always liked them busty. This one seemed young in the face, though and that for me had always been a turn-off.

She had a bag slung over her shoulder and a black suitcase dragging behind her, still looking around for whoever she was to meet. I saw when her gaze met me, and she slowed in her tracks, looking down at her phone before looking at me.

My brows furrowed when she came towards me. I couldn't believe it as realization dawned on me.

She stopped in front of me and looked up, her clear brown eyes

visible through the glasses she wore. “Denver?”

“Yeah.”

She visibly swallowed and clumsily stuffed her phone into her bag before stretching out her hand. “I’m Ruth – Tom’s daughter.”

Well, I’ll be damned.

**

I didn’t know how I didn’t see it. She had an uncanny resemblance to her father but was woman in every sense. I tried to rid myself of the thoughts I’d had earlier, but it was too late.

I helped her to get her things into the back before I hopped into the driver’s seat with her beside me. My nose twitched at the scent of her fruity perfume, and I wound the windows down just a little bit to get some breeze in.

There was silence. I didn’t have much to say to a girl I didn’t know, and she seemed to be thinking the same thing. I could already see how much of a bad idea this was.

“Dad said you’ve known each other since college. How come I’ve never met you?”

I perked up a little at that, glancing at her and realizing she was staring at me. “I’m not a city guy.”

“Yet, you went there for college,” she quipped.

“And left as soon as I was done,” I retorted.

“Were you born here?” she asked.

I nodded. “Yes.”

“So, your parents decided to name you after the city you were born in?” I could hear the humor in her tone.

“Apparently so.”

A short laugh escaped her lips. “That’s… interesting.”

“Hmm,” was all I replied with, my gaze focused on the road ahead.

I turned off the road to a shop that was off the main and had everything necessary for living in a place like this. I parked and hopped out of the truck, glancing at her and the curious expression on her face.

“We’re going to grab some gear to go camping – unless you

changed your mind about all that."

She took a second to think on it. "It's the main reason I'm here," she said before she swung the door open and hopped out. She took the lead and headed inside. I raised a brow at that and followed behind her, dipping beneath the doorframe. The bell attached at the top dinged, catching the attention of the cashier who smiled as soon as she saw it was me.

I nodded and took the lead in front of Ruth who'd stopped in her tracks to fully evaluate the place.

I moved past her and went further down in the aisle where the camping gear were.

"You can pick the sleeping bag and tent you want," I said, grabbing some other stuff we may need.

As she did so, she glanced at me. "When is this happening?"

"We head out tomorrow."

With that, she adjusted the glasses on her face and went back to looking. I wished I could pretend like she wasn't here – like she was a figment of my imagination and not a real person, though my imagination had often consisted of girls just like her. Small, busty, beautiful. The glasses, though, were different, and so was the age-gap.

I clenched my teeth to stop myself from thinking about my friend's daughter in such a manner. This definitely wasn't the goddamned time nor place.

Several minutes later, we were done getting everything we needed and back in the van. Ruth had her head out the window, probably a little tired from the flight or avoiding any possible avenue for conversation. Not that I minded; I was happy she wasn't a chatty brat.

When we turned off the main road and up a trail, she glanced at me. "Where are we going?"

"Home," I said.

Chapter 4

Ruth

I still couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe I was here, in a different state with hulk himself. The man was huge – possibly the tallest and bulkiest man I'd ever actually seen in real life. I thought my dad had maybe sent the wrong pic, but when I saw him standing there, I knew he couldn't be mistaken. My heart had leapt in my chest the very first time I saw him. It wasn't a reaction I'd expected since I'd thought I'd find an older-looking guy, much more like my dad.

Denver was the complete opposite, with long, dark hair that didn't even start to gray as yet. He also had a beard – something my dad wasn't a fan of on himself. He was about six feet five inches – every inch of him muscular.

After grabbing the gear, we headed off, and I rested my elbow against the window, watching the beautiful landscape that went by. I smiled at the freshness, the smell of green grass and fresh air. I was enjoying every minute of it when Denver made a turn and went up hill. I eased up in my seat and glanced at him.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Home," he replied.

I cast my gaze ahead as he continued to drive, wondering where exactly 'home' was. Then I remembered that my dad had said he lived in the mountains – away from civilization. He drove and neared a cabin soon after. I perked up a bit in my seat, my neck craned as I wondered if this was where we were about to stop. Tall trees surrounded the small structure made entirely of wood. Chopped logs were stacked outside, gathered around a stump with an axe driven into it, and a grill was also some inches away.

I looked at Denver, my gaze traveling from his head to his toes. Of course, this was where a man like him lived.

He pushed the door open and got out, immediately pulling open the backseat to get the things from the back. I bit my lips as I jumped out as well, my feet landing on low-cut grass. Still, I couldn't seem to take my eyes off his house and the nature that surrounded it. It was like something out of a fairytale – something you only believed if you saw it. The air was even fresher in these parts, the sounds of birds chirping in the distance and the wind passing through the humongous

trees. I closed my eyes and took in a lungful, a smile on my face, knowing this was the very reason I'd made the trip here.

"So, you basically camp every day," I said, a small smile curling my lips.

He paused to look at me, seeming a bit confused. "You live like a camper," I clarified.

"Hmm," was the only thing he grunted before pulling the rest of things from the truck and moving towards the house. I frowned. Didn't my dad say this guy was the coolest guy he knew? I was yet to see that. He barely spoke! Heck, I wasn't much of a talker myself, but I'd expected conversation right through based on what I'd heard. It was either this guy was having an off day, or my dad didn't know him as much as he thought he did.

With a huff, I grabbed what I could and followed behind him. He paused at the door, pushed it open and allowed me to enter first. Although he was a rugged man, I couldn't help but smile inwardly at the bit of chivalry. I stepped inside and paused as soon as I entered, my gaze doing a tour of the house.

Brown leather sofas surrounded a small coffee table in the center, one of them slightly worn, giving away the fact that it was the one he used the most. Everything was seated on a rustic area rug that added just a bit of contrast and color to the space. A small bookshelf was in a corner, packed with weathered dog-eared books that seemed to be here for ages.

The ambient lighting added to the feeling of warmth and coziness inside, making it feel more like a home than a house.

"Your room is in the back," he said, moving past me.

I followed behind him, my gaze settled on his broad shoulders and his wavy hair that brushed it. He entered through a door on the opposite side and rested my suitcase inside right at the door.

"It's small, but it'll do," he said. I took a step forward, looking at the small double-bed in the center, adorned in blankets that were undoubtedly warm. A single nightstand was at one corner and a small chest of drawers at the next.

"Thanks," I said.

"I'll be out there if you need anything," he said and then left. I realized his room was right across from mine. With the door slightly ajar, I got a glimpse of his bed before I pulled my gaze away.

After Denver left, I released a sigh and reached for my phone. I

sent out a text to Ashley and my dad, and realized it took a while before it was delivered. I frowned and went on a couple of apps to test the theory, quickly realizing the connection was crap.

With a huff, I bounded from the bed and left the bedroom to confront Denver. I paused when I caught a glimpse of him through the window. He was setting up the grill and was in a tank top now, the flannel he'd worn earlier thrown over the stack of wood. His large muscles were now on full display, tanned to perfection and flexing with every movement he took. His jeans were still clad to his skin and without even having a view, I just knew he was muscle all around.

I'd never seen a man like Denver before. He was the type you read about in books or watched in movies – the main character. Even looking at him, warmth flooded my body, and I experienced something I knew to be desire. I folded my lips as I watched him, not knowing where my train of thoughts came from but unable to stop them.

Denver looked towards the house and met my gaze. I gasped, almost jumping on spot while my heart lurched in my chest. I walked off and headed out towards him. He stopped what he was doing and glanced down at me.

"Do you have wifi?" I asked.

He looked around, squinting his eyes in the sun. "Come on, does it look like I do?"

"Who doesn't have wifi in this day and age?" I argued.

"You're looking at him," he said as he continued with what he was doing.

I scoffed. "I can barely get any service. I can't be out here for a week and not have service."

He paused yet again to meet my gaze, his blue eyes firm. "Do you want to go home?"

I crossed my arms. I was tempted to say yes but knew that would be a lie. I had to boil this down to him having a bad day and be optimistic that there would be better.

He raised a brow. "No one's forcing you to stay, Princess," he quipped before he turned his back to me.

My mouth dropped open. With a scoff, I marched back into the bedroom, feeling anger blossom in my chest. I dug into my suitcase and retrieved a book I'd packed and planted my gaze on the words, trying my best to make sense of them. On a normal day, that wouldn't

be a problem, but when a six-foot beast was just right out my door, I found it hard to concentrate. It wasn't like I could even start a conversation with this man. He wasn't the type to have a conversation with anyone – my dad had implied the opposite, but I was seeing the true Denver for myself. Yes, he'd mentioned he had his quiet phases, but the man was mute most times. He was a freaking grump and not even close to being the cool guy. What a joke.

My nose twitched when I smelled food. I realized I hadn't had anything to eat in hours, and I was pretty much starving. Denver had distracted me to the fact, but now as the smell wafted across my nose, it awakened the hunger that stirred my stomach. I wondered what it was – if it were my dad, I'd simply walk out to see what he was cooking, but this man was a stranger, and I had no plans to piss him off in his own home.

About fifteen minutes later, still on the same page I'd been on when I started, a knock came at the door. I perked up and glanced at the wooden frame.

"It's open," I said, watching as the door was slowly pushed open, revealing Denver who filled out the space completely.

"Dinner is ready," he said. I glanced at the kitchen towel slung over his shoulder, and this time, his shiny dark hair was up in a small ponytail.

I nodded, as I got up and followed behind him to the kitchen where he had burgers and beers placed on a small dining table.

I took a seat, staring at the meal and thinking it was probably the best-looking burger I'd ever seen in a long while. I glanced at the beer and then at Denver who already took a bite, almost finishing it in a single bite.

"I don't drink," I said.

He paused for a moment to look at the beer and then at me. "It's beer."

I shrugged. "It's alcohol."

Without saying another word, he pushed his chair back, got up and moved towards the refrigerator. He pulled out a soda, popped the cap off and handed it to me.

"Thanks," I said as I finally took a bite. I fought the urge to close my eyes and relish in the moment, not wanting to give Denver the satisfaction. But it tasted so good I couldn't help but stuff my mouth.

He watched me under his eyes while he ate, as if studying the look on my face. A shiver ran through me by the look in his eyes and the sensation that suddenly flooded my body. I didn't know why I was this affected by his gaze, but I felt like a melting pot whenever his blue eyes caught mine.

I adjusted the glasses on my face and cleared my throat when I got some food down.

"What time do we leave tomorrow?" I asked.

He took a gulp of his beer. "About three. We have to find a spot and get everything ready before it gets dark."

I nodded, still not something I was looking forward to since it would be me alone with my father's hot friend in the woods. My body already knew how to feel about that no matter how many times I tried to rid myself of my dirty thoughts.

Chapter 5

Ruth

The next morning, I got up earlier than usual to the sound of a text message. I bounded upright and stared down at it, realizing it was my dad telling me he was happy I'd arrived safely and hoped I was enjoying myself. That bit I wasn't so sure about but to reassure him, I replied, telling him that all was well.

I rubbed my eyes and put my glasses on, intent on heading to the bathroom. I had pajamas on, my hair a mess as it fell over my shoulders. I yawned as I pulled the door open and paused when I realized Denver's bedroom was open. My pulse raced, but I quickly realized he wasn't in there.

I almost felt relief, but as I arrived at the bathroom door, about to turn the knob, the door opened, and Denver stood there. I gasped, taken by surprise by his presence. I wasn't thinking; I didn't think for a moment that he'd be there, but I should have. Fuck, this was his house.

I swallowed hard, unable to take my eyes off his toned chest that was dewy from his shower. The only thing he had on was a towel draped around his narrow waist. Everything else was on full display, and I was inches away from him. His soapy scent assaulted my senses, a mixture of lemon and cedar.

Heat rose to my throat, and my cheeks burned hotly. This was the first time I'd ever been this close to a semi-naked man, and my pulse didn't know how to react. A warm and tingling sensation rose between my legs, causing my cheeks to burn more.

I tore my gaze away and lowered them to the wooden floor. "I er – I didn't know you were in there, I'm sorry."

I looked up at him again, meeting his icy-blue gaze. "It's fine," he said, his voice low and slightly husky. "There's breakfast in the kitchen when you're ready."

I nodded, taking a step back. "Okay, thanks."

With a curt nod, he flashed one last glance my way before he sidestepped me. I sucked in a breath as he passed me, the oxygen seemingly back in my lungs. I dashed into the bathroom and quickly closed the door, leaning against the frame and sighing heavily, my

eyes closed.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I couldn't believe I was attracted to a man more than twice my age, and worst of all, my father's friend. The people I was usually attracted to were those in movies – the type who always seemed too good to be real. I'd never thought I'd fly across states just to end up being attracted to Denver.

I rushed towards the sink and washed my face, wondering if the new environment played a part in it. I'd never been alone with a man before. It felt different, and Denver being hot didn't exactly make things easy. For the first time since I'd discovered the sacred pleasure-spot, I found myself wanting a man bodily. I just couldn't control my urges. I wanted to touch myself; I wanted him to touch me.

"Shit, shit, shit!" I whispered as I stared at myself in the mirror and almost laughed. It was even pointless to think about men like Denver because I knew he'd never share the same feelings as I did.

I was a nerd who wore glasses. I was young and his friend's daughter. There was no way he'd ever look at me as I looked at him.

Once I was done and dressed, I went to the kitchen and saw a plate on the table with eggs, bacon and toast.

"There's coffee in the pot," Denver said as he came up behind me. I almost jumped from the sound of his voice. Turning around, I came face to face with him. He was dressed in denim as usual and a black t-shirt.

Once I was seated with a cup of coffee by my side, I glanced at Denver who sipped on what I assumed to be his second cup.

"Don't you get tired of living here?" I asked, for the sake of conversation. I wanted to know the answer, though.

"Can anyone get tired of peace?" he asked.

"Doesn't it get lonely?"

He took a second to think about that. "I'm used to it."

"Do you have family?" I asked.

He leaned against the counter and watched me. "What's with the questions, L.A?"

"I like knowing about who I'm around?"

"I figured you might have drilled your dad with those questions before now."

"Dad never has the time. All the conversation we have fit into a five minute meal."

"Sounds like it gets lonely for you, too."

I shrugged. "College helps. I chose to stay on campus instead of going home. At least my roommate is there all the time."

He nodded. "Hmm."

I sighed. "Yeah."

Denver glanced at his watch. "You should probably get your things in order. We'll be leaving soon."

I nodded and finished up my breakfast. By then, Denver was out somewhere. At around two, he came back around, carrying his things to the van. I lifted the bags I'd packed and waddled with them on the outside. Denver met me halfway and took it from me, throwing it in the backseat.

My phone dinged as I pulled open the door to step inside. It was a message from Ashley.

Hey, how's it going? You must be bored out of your life and dying to get back.

I glanced at Denver who hopped into the driver's side. I quickly typed a text back to Ashley, knowing it'd maybe take ages to go through or for her to reply.

No, I actually like it. Denver is nothing like my dad, though.

I smiled as I joined him in the front of his truck. He glanced at me, staring at me from head to toe. "Have everything?"

I nodded. "I think so."

"Good." With that, he started the engine and drove off. I pulled in a breath of fresh air and continued to text Ashley when we reached the main, seeing I had more signal there. The ride was relatively silent. Denver wasn't a conversationalist, and I didn't know what to say to him either, seeing I wasn't so sociable myself.

The silence made me think of him and how I felt towards him – how my body felt. The night hadn't faded the thoughts I had of him. He was still the only man I wanted to touch me and being alone with him only magnified that fact.

Soon after, we arrived at a parking lot. There were several vehicles parked there, a map of the trail and some other directions for camping. Denver shut the engine off and glanced at me.

"We're gonna hike up, find a spot and settle there." He jumped out and pulled open the back door to get the things.

I pulled in a breath, mentally preparing myself for what was

ahead. I climbed out after him and grabbed my bag, slinging it around my back. It wasn't light, and I was already dreading the climb uphill. What made me agree to do this again? I questioned myself.

When we were all strapped and ready, Denver glanced at me.

"Let's go."

I sighed yet again. This was it.

Chapter 6

Ruth

Denver was ahead, not breaking a single sweat while he walked the trail like it was nothing to him. I could feel the sweat on my forehead – in my back, and the humidity that surrounded me made me want to pull my hair out. I wanted to catch up, but with the boulder of a bag on my back and the heat, I couldn't.

I stopped and grabbed my bottle from the side of the bag, taking a hearty gulp of water and closing my eyes when the coolness settled in the pit of my stomach. Denver didn't look back. He was further out than I was. I bared my teeth and looked around at the bushy surroundings. No one else was near us, and I knew I couldn't lag too far behind when my fear of wild animals and getting lost was still a huge deal for me. I took my glasses off for a second and wiped my hand across my face before I continued up the track. We'd been walking for about twenty minutes, and every inch of my body suffered the effects.

Denver finally looked back, and my cheeks burned bright, embarrassment filling my gut. He didn't move until I was right beside him.

"Try and keep up."

I huffed out a breath. "This isn't exactly easy."

He put his hand out. "Give me your bag, Princess."

I pouted at the nickname, tightening my hand around the strap of my bag and sidestepping him. "I'm fully capable of managing by myself," I mumbled, taking the lead.

"Suit yourself," he said, overtaking me in less than a second. I rolled my eyes, feeling parched yet again.

We walked for several minutes until the sun went in. Denver finally stopped at a small clearing, which was still mostly surrounded by trees. I immediately eased the bag off my back and tried to catch my breath while looking over at Denver. I frowned, seeing how unbothered he was by all this. This seemed like something he did everyday. He placed his bag down and used his feet to brush away some debris that was on the ground.

"You might wanna start setting up your tent before it gets any

later."

"I'm sure I can spare five minutes," I said.

A ghost of a smile played across his face before he continued to do what he was doing. I heard the sound of water rushing, piquing my interest. I glanced at Denver who seemed all caught up in getting everything done.

"Is there a river nearby?"

He paused what he was doing and glanced at me. "Yeah, straight down."

"Damn, taking a dip sounds so good right now," I said while envisioning the idea.

"You can go ahead. I'll finish setting up."

I swallowed, not knowing if I should take his offer. I didn't want to seem like a 'princess', but truth was, I was baking in my own clothes. I really needed to feel something cool against my skin.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"I wouldn't be asking if I wasn't."

"Okay, I'll be back," I said, putting my glasses down on top of my bag and walking right ahead like Denver had said. The closer I came, the louder the sound of the rushing water became. I smiled when I saw it, a clear stream of water running from one end to another. I went down a small slope, giggling as soon as I reached the water's edge. I pulled my boots off and looked around to see if anyone was nearby. I knew others were around somewhere camping though they weren't near. Still, I didn't want to risk them seeing me naked.

I went in, still fully dressed and shivered as soon as I hit the water. It felt good but was still a little bit cold. Yet it was perfect and exactly what I wanted to rid myself of the sticky, sweaty feeling. I went under, getting every inch of me wet and smiling when I came back up for air. It was everything, and the more time I spent in it, the more freeing it felt. All of a sudden, I knew this trip was exactly what I needed.

I came out several minutes later, a smile still on my face as I went back up to our clearing. I was surprised to find everything in place. Both tents were pitched.

"Wow, that was fast," I said, grabbing his attention.

He turned around to look at me and visibly swallowed, his gaze trailing my frame. His jaw clenched before he quickly tore his gaze

away.

"Is everything okay?"

"Fine. I should go get some wood to start a fire." He started off and went further into the bushes.

I frowned at his response but quickly brushed it to the side. I was beginning to quickly realize that a man like Denver couldn't be predicted. I took him leaving as an opportunity to change into some dry clothes. Denver had already placed my bag in the tent, which was neatly laid out with my sleeping bag. I glanced over at his and realized his tent was larger, too, though that wasn't really surprising considering his size.

When he returned, my heart added an extra beat. There was just something about the way he walked that was so commanding and sexy. As much as I tried to shake myself of the feeling, I just couldn't. All the senses in my body were awakened when he was near me, and there was no way of controlling it.

I watched as he stacked the pieces of wood together and placed them a few yards away from our tent.

He held my gaze for a second, and my heart lurched in my chest, the tingly feeling reappearing between my legs. "I should go take a dunk in that river before it gets any later."

"Oh – yeah, for sure," I said, almost stumbling over my own words.

I watched as he left, unable to help but admire his taut butt cheeks, clad in denim and no doubt as toned as the rest of him. I tore my gaze away almost instantly and cleared my throat.

I paced the campsite, tempted to go take a look at Denver while he swam.

"That's so wrong," I whispered. I just couldn't help myself. Denver triggered something inside me, and I couldn't shake the feeling that engulfed my body whenever I thought about or saw him. But I wouldn't want anyone peeping at me through the woods, so why did I want to do it with the sexiest man alive?

"What's wrong with you, Ruth?" I asked myself, raking my fingers through my hair.

I began to walk towards the river, stopping myself short as soon as I was near enough to see what was happening down there. I rubbed my shoulders, feeling flushed as I contemplated on making the next move.

“Fuck it,” I whispered as I made the next move that placed me just a few yards away from the river, behind a huge tree. My eyes scanned in front of me, and for a second, I wondered if Denver had changed his mind when I saw no sign of him. My cheeks flushed, and just when I was about to make a U-turn, a figure emerged from the waters like a cannon, water rushing down his long hair and over his muscular body.

My breath hitched in my throat when I realized it was Denver – naked from the top half from what I could see. The water caressed his body like a glove, making his skin glisten under the warm glow of evening light.

I swallowed hard, unable to rip my gaze away as I took in an eye full. He was perfect. He ran his hand over his shoulders and across his chest, splashing some more on his face before he began to walk out. My heart beat faster and faster as he went further out, exposing more and more of his naked body.

When the water reached his pelvis, I felt breathless, knowing what was to come and knowing more than ever that he was naked. I bit down on my lips, almost drawing blood when his naked manhood appeared. I gasped, spinning around and throwing my back against the tree. I couldn’t help myself; it felt like I was about to have a heart attack and looking for longer would surely seal the deal. I was suddenly hot, almost close to feeling how I’d felt on our hike here. Yet, I’d not moved an inch; all I had to do was stare at Denver and the temperature would rise by a hundred degrees.

I swallowed hard and closed my eyes, wanting to regain control of my galloping heart and my shaken composure. He was huge; I’d never seen a man naked before in person, but Denver had the largest dick I’d ever seen. How could it possibly fit inside someone – especially a virgin like me?

I bit my lips once again, intent on copping one last stare. When I did, I saw him drying off, still completely naked, his body like a piece of artwork. He was Godly, and my body beckoned to him in a way I couldn’t fathom.

I was entranced by him, completely captivated by every inch of him. My nipples stood like points in my chest and that tingling feeling was more dominating than ever, spreading like wildfire between my legs. It almost felt like desperation.

I continued to watch, not realizing I was staring for too long. Denver had started to get dressed, only now missing a shirt that he apparently chose to ignore for a while.

He turned to me, and before I had a chance to look away, our gazes met. My eyes widened, my cheeks heated, and I suddenly felt lightheaded. I quickly slapped my hand over my mouth and spun around, my back planted against the tree again, my chest rising and falling hard in my chest.

“Shit!”

Chapter 7

Ruth

I didn't know what to do. How could I explain staring at him while he took a bath? I didn't want to seem like a creep, although I was pretty sure Denver already thought I was. My pulse was going a mile a second, and there was no way of calming it. I should have just stayed at the campsite and minded my own business so I wouldn't be in this predicament.

I pinched my nose bridge, my hand feeling a bit shaky. I could hear the leaves crunching and knew that Denver was nearby. I just didn't know what to say as yet.

My pulse raced even more – more so when he came and stood in front of me, looking confused and refreshed.

"I'm sorry," I immediately blurted before he had a chance to say anything else. "I- I don't know what got into me. I shouldn't have invaded your privacy like that," I said.

He visibly swallowed. "Ruth, it's fine," he said, calmer than I expected.

"I don't want you to think I'm a creep or anything like that – I just…" he cut me off by placing a finger at my lips.

"Trust me, it's fine."

I stopped talking; I didn't know if I could continue seeing that he touched me. Yes, it wasn't an intimate touch, but it was still a touch from a man whom I wanted it from the most.

I swallowed. "A- are you sure?"

He nodded, flashing me a smile that was more welcoming than any of the others he'd ever given me. It made me feel better about the situation, but I still couldn't shake the way my body felt, especially when he was right in front of me, smelling as fresh as the river with a hint of musk that resembled the smell of sandalwood.

My mouth watered as we stood there in silence, looking at each other, somehow unable to look away. There was this pull that I couldn't describe, and it was strong enough to make my panties wet. This feeling was new to me, and I wanted nothing more than to explore it to the max. I wanted this.

I swallowed the lump in my throat that might have been logic and inched closer to Denver. He didn't move, and I took that as a good sign as I went on tiptoes to meet his lips. My heart was about to jump out my chest, but I didn't let that dissuade me when a chance like this was in front of me.

Denver's eyes were dark, and they were fastened on my lips. I didn't have much experience in sex and chemistry, but I knew enough to know that he wanted to kiss me, too. The fact that he did gave me a rush of adrenaline I hadn't seen coming. I pressed my lips to his, testing the waters and wanting to see if he'd pull away from me. When he didn't, I leaned closer into him and brushed my lips across his.

I sucked in a breath when he cupped my cheeks, lifted my chin a little and captured my lips with his in a hunger caress. I moaned instantly, taken off-guard by the warm, sweet taste of his lips. I wrapped my hands around his neck and pulled him as close to me as I could while he used his skillful tongue to explore my mouth. My body was a furnace and the fire that rushed through my veins was spreading more rapidly with time. I'd only kissed a boy once and had regretted it as soon as I was done. I hadn't felt anything then; there were no butterflies in my stomach and the overall experience wasn't as pleasing as this. I had no experience, but Denver made sure to take the lead, guiding his lips over mine, sucking softly on my flesh, using his tongue to caress mine.

Just when I thought I'd melt in a pool at his feet, he pulled away, his mouth still slightly open, his eyes still dark and his ears red. His eyes roamed my face as if he'd never seen me before. And then he raked his fingers through his hair, took a step back and muttered a curse.

"I – that shouldn't have happened – I'm sorry," he was quick to say, his voice the shakiest I'd ever heard it.

My cheeks burned. "No, it's fine. I…"

"That was a mistake," he put in, his voice a lot firmer than it had been moments ago.

It felt like someone had just pierced me with a dagger as his words came crashing down on me. I didn't expect to feel this way, but his words cut deep. Not only that, but his tone was just suddenly so cold and distant.

"I don't know what came over me, but that will never happen again. I'm sorry." With that, he took a few more steps back and headed up the small hill to our campsite.

I remained in that same spot, watching him until he was out of

sight with my heart beating rapidly in my chest. I placed my hand over my mouth, reminiscing on the kiss and the tragedy that followed right after. My body still had not made note of the change. I was still hot, and the arousal between my legs was still thrumming with need.

"Shit!" I spat yet again, looking down the river to clear my head, but it only made me reflect on the body I'd seen come out of it. The one that got me in this situation to begin with.

I didn't know how I could face Denver after this. We had all of tomorrow to camp and then a few more days at his house before I headed back to the city. Could I endure being in his presence for so long, knowing what had happened and knowing I couldn't share an experience like that with him ever again.

I'd seen the disgust on his face right after it ended. I'd seen the regret even before he said it. He maybe thought I was a little slut from the city to make a move on him like that – to be watching him. He was Dad's friend for Christ's sake. It couldn't get more off-limits than that.

I sighed heavily and stayed there a little longer in an effort to clear my head. When I got back up to the campsite, still feeling embarrassed, I realized Denver had made a fire and had a pack of marshmallows right beside it.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and looked towards my tent, not exactly knowing what to do now that the tension around us was nearly palpable.

"I have a few granola bars and some drinks if you want," he said without looking up at me.

I folded my lips, my eyes scanning the area beside him. He had two granola bars beside him and two cans of mountain dew. I silently walked towards him and took them up from his knapsack they were placed on.

"Thanks," I said as I took them up and headed towards my tent.

"You can stay if you want," he said.

I paused, my lips parted to tell him yes, but then I stopped myself and managed a smile. "I'm a little tired, so I think I'll retire for the night; thanks."

He gave a curt nod. Not once had he stopped to look up at me. It was almost as if he were talking to the fire in front of him. I knew then that his invite to stay was out of courtesy and nothing else. Fact was, he didn't want me to, and that was fine. I needed the time to clear my head anyway and maybe so did he.

**

It was late in the night. I knew that because I'd been laying here for hours. The fire was now out – replaced by two lanterns – and I heard when Denver had retired to his tent. I heard every movement until I heard nothing at all.

I couldn't close my eyes – not when my mind was bombarded with so many things – the kiss especially. Plus, this was my first time being in the woods, and I was still afraid of wild animals.

With a sigh, I tried to close my eyes, but all I could feel and see was our kiss. Even the thought of him made me hot, especially between my legs. I bit my lips and slid my hand beneath my sleeping bag. I paused at the waistband of my sweatpants before I slipped my hand down beneath and to my heated flesh.

I moved my middle finger along the path of my slit, sucking in a breath when my finger crazed my clit. I closed my eyes and reflected on the kiss, pushing my finger further and further until it met my sopping core. I dipped my finger inside, allowing my wetness to drench the tip of my finger before I dragged it over my sensitive bud. I bit my lips to stop the moan from escaping my lips and repeated the process until my folds were drenched.

I began to circle my clit, the arousal thrumming through my loins. My breathing became labored, and my chest began to rise and fall more rapidly. I parted my legs as far as it could allow in the small sleeping bag and was about to insert my fingers when the rustling of bushes put me at a halt.

My eyes popped open, and I quickly dragged my fingers from beneath my clothes, looking around the tent as if I expected to see the source of the noise.

I swallowed hard while my pulse raced. The bushes rustled again and the sound of what sounded like footsteps ran past. I gasped and bounded upright, holding my breath as I awaited what would happen next. The tent suddenly became too hot, and I knew that was from the result of my anxiety.

Sweat started to bead on my forehead as I sat there, not knowing what to do and praying it was just my head messing with me. The atmosphere was filled with silence yet again, so deafening I could hear myself think.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and waited for a repeat of what just happened, but nothing came. It was just silence, but it was still relatively early in the night, and I knew this wouldn't be the last

time I heard the sounds. I turned on the light on my phone, put on my glasses and slipped out of my sleeping back, immediately rushing to Denver's tent.

"Denver," I whispered urgently, staring at the closed tent and then looking behind me in the moon-lit night. "Denver," I said again, hoping he'd answer this time.

There was some rustling before the sound of a zipper being pulled. Shortly after, I was met up with Denver's face.

"Wh- is everything okay?" he asked, looking over my shoulders.

I stood. "I er – I think I heard something," I explained.

He frowned. "Something like what?"

I rubbed the nape of my neck. "An animal or something. I think it ran past my tent," I said, hiking up my glasses.

He pulled in a breath. "Ruth, we're in the middle of the forest. Of course, you're gonna hear sounds."

I swallowed, feeling a warm rush in my cheeks. "What if it were a bear or something?"

"I don't think there are any bears in these parts."

I scoffed. "You don't think…'

He got up, stepped out and pulled on his boots. I realized he was just in a tank top and shorts that didn't do much to hide his large dick. I tore my gaze away and shook it in an effort to clear it of my thoughts.

"I'll have a look, but I promise, you should be fine."

I followed him, using my phone torch to guide the path while he used a lantern. My heart still galloped in my chest. As big as Denver was, I didn't think he'd win against a bear. We scanned the surroundings for a little while longer before Denver sighed.

"You probably heard a squirrel or a deer. There's a bunch of harmless things that frequent these parts."

I didn't reply, but my palms were sweaty, and for the first time, I was starting to regret being here since I didn't want to end up on the news for being attacked by a wild animal.

Denver must have seen the look on my face because he paused to study my expression.

"Look, I can stay up and keep watch for the night," he said.

My gaze flashed to him. "What?"

“Make sure you’re safe if that’ll make you feel better.”

“Of course, it wouldn’t. I can’t allow you to do that.”

“Either that, or we share a tent.” The words were quick, and I figured Denver hadn’t even thought about what he was saying until after the words left his lips.

My eyes widened, my lips parted, and there was nothing I could say. Yet, the thought of it was enough to renew my desire for him.

He cleared his throat. “We could both fit. It’s big enough.”

My pulse was racing, and I knew my face was flushed. Denver and I in a single tent for the whole night? I could see it happening, but I couldn’t see me surviving it. Yet, it was either that or being left alone in my tent for the entire night. At least being with Denver would offer me some comfort.

“Are you sure?”

He nodded. “I wouldn’t have asked if I wasn’t sure.”

I nodded. “Okay.”

We both got in his tent, and he closed it up. Already, it felt cramped, Denver being so big, but I felt better and safer.

Denver turned around, almost bumping into me. “We can sleep on top of the sleeping bag,” he said. “It’s a double, but both of us being inside might be a bit too cramped. I have a blanket we could use.” With that, he reached into his knapsack and pulled out a fleece blanket.

I lay on my back, staring at the roof of the tent while Denver got himself comfortable beside me, trying his best to maintain as much distance as he possibly could.

The silence that came after was maddening. I couldn’t believe Denver was right beside me, and I could feel the heat from his body radiate on me. I could smell his fresh, musky scent that filled the air. The blanket smelled like him, too, and that made it worse. There was no escaping it, and I didn’t want to. I wanted so much to bask in all of it, but I knew that would make the situation worse, considering I was already wet for him and being this close to him only made me wetter. I was a virgin, but my body was filled with need for him, and he was right there. What if I just took the chance? I questioned myself. But what if he rejected me? I couldn’t live that down, and I couldn’t bear to see the look of regret and disgust on his face again.

“Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea,” he said, causing me to gasp from the sudden sound of his voice intruding my thoughts.

I swallowed hard. “Why?” I took a chance in asking.

There was a short pause, before he said. “I’m a man, and you’re a woman. After what happened earlier, this might not be the best decision.”

I sucked on my bottom lip. “A- are you afraid something might happen?” my voice sounded close to a whisper.

“Aren’t you?”

I turned my head to face him. He was laying on his back just like I was. “We’re both adults, it wouldn’t be the worst thing.”

He scoffed. “You’re what, nineteen?”

“Twenty,” I was quick to correct.

I watched as his Adam’s apple bobbed. “You’re my friend’s daughter.”

“I’m an adult.”

“I didn’t say you weren’t, but I’d be passing my place.”

“Do – do you want me?” I asked.

He turned his head, and then our gazes met. I knew my cheeks were probably as red as tomatoes. “I can’t answer that.”

“You don’t have to, but you can show me?” I said, not knowing where the words were coming from. Maybe it was the arousal that finally got to my head. “I’m already so wet for you, Denver.”

His pupils dilated. “You have no idea what you’re doing to me right now.”

“If it’s similar to what you’re doing to me, then I have a pretty good idea.” The desire was almost crippling. There wasn’t anything I wouldn’t say to get Denver’s hands on me at this current moment. I needed the release. “We don’t have to have sex, but maybe we can pleasure each other in different ways.”

He pulled in a breath. “What do you have in mind?”

“Touch me.”

Chapter 8

Denver

I knew I was damning myself to hell, but there wasn't a fucking thing I could do to stop it. Not when Ruth was so tempting, not when I'd gotten a tease of how she tasted, how her body felt against mine.

I knew I was fucked from the moment she came back from the river, her wet clothes sticking to her body, highlighting every delicious curve she possessed. Water had dripped from her body, and I couldn't help but envision it was my cum instead. I knew it was wrong to think of her in such a manner, but I didn't have much of a choice, seeing I'd found her attractive even before I knew who she was.

Now, here she was, in my tent with a conversation just as arousing as her body.

"Touch me," she said, and my cock stirred instantly beneath the covers, hardening by just the sound of her sultry voice.

I should say no – heck, I'd done it often enough, but I couldn't. I wasn't in a position to say no – not if I wanted to torture myself for the rest of the night. I met her big brown eyes flattered by naturally long, spiky lashes. They were like a magnet, drawing me closer and closer to her.

I shifted a little in her direction and slipped my hand beneath her blouse. I could tell she wasn't wearing any bra from the way her nipples were jutting out, straining against the fabric of her shirt. I propped myself up on my elbow and looked down on her innocent face with her hair sprawled out behind her. Her lips were slightly apart, tempting me to remind myself of how kissing her soft, succulent lips had felt.

Unable to help myself, I dipped my head and captured her lips, filling my senses with more of her. The caress was a gentle one while my hand traveled across her flat stomach and up her mounds, which stood stiffly on her chest. My cock stirred once again, and I knew more of this would have me oozing pre-cum. Her skin was warm and soft; her breasts were firm, just as I'd envisioned, and her nipples were as hard as pebbles as I caught them between my fingers and gently pulled at them.

Ruth released a soft moan, her eyes flattering, the sounds of her gasps airy as I caressed her full breasts with my large hands. They

were perfect, and as large as my hands were, they couldn't fit in them.

I pulled her shirt up over her tits, exposing them to my hungry gaze. My cock twitched in my pants, straining painfully against my shorts. Clenching my teeth, I continued to massage them in my hands, loving how responsive Ruth was with every caress. I lowered myself and took one of her breasts in my mouth, sucking fervently while her sweet sounds of pleasure increased.

She tasted as good as she looked, her flesh soft beneath my lips. I moaned against her flesh before I caught her hard little nipple in my mouth and tugged at it. Ruth gasped again, her body gently writhing beneath the covers. She was a hungry little vixen; I could tell, and I knew she was horny to have my cock. Pity she was the one with the rules; otherwise, I'd be so far inside her, she'd be begging for release.

As I sucked her supple flesh, my hand slid beneath her sweatpants and down her prickly mound. I stopped what I was doing and looked at her. Her eyes were pleading, and I clenched my teeth, trying my best to control myself.

"Should I?" I asked.

She nodded without hesitance, sucking her bottom lip. I went back to sucking her breasts while my finger slid between her slit and over her wet clit. She was right. She was drenched with her arousal and more than ready to take a good dick. I circled her tiny bud until her moans were like music to my ears. She spread her legs compliantly, wanting more, wanting it further down. I smiled against her flesh and sucked on her nipples hard, simultaneously dipping my finger to explore more of her flesh. Her entrance was a pool, and I knew without a doubt her panties were soaked.

I circled her soppy entrance, feeling the small tremors that passed through her body. My cock was as hard as bricks; this was the wettest pussy I'd ever come across, and I wanted so much to have my eager cock explore every inch.

I dipped my finger inside her, driving past her soft folds. Ruth moaned deeply, spreading her legs as far as she could as she accepted inches of my finger. As I drove my digit farther and farther inside her, I stopped when I felt a barrier.

My eyes widened. Shocked, I turned to Ruth whose face was as red as beets. She swallowed visibly.

"You're a virgin?" I asked.

She was hesitant, but then she nodded, and I muttered a curse, pulling my hand away from her.

She bounded upright, an appalled look on her face. “Please, don’t stop. I want this,” she said, her brown eyes scanning mine.

“I can’t,” I said, raking a hand through my hair.

“Please, we don’t have to have sex, just continue.”

I paused to ponder on her words. She was right. As long as I touched her like this, I didn’t have to have sex with her, though I wanted to – so much. But I was painfully hard and the only cure to that was the one in front of me, begging me to touch her.

“Okay, no sex.”

Her face brightened, and she nodded. “No sex.”

**

I inserted my middle finger as far as it could allow and began to push it back and forth, loving the feel of her warm, wet flesh against mine – the way her pussy stretched with even just a finger. The thought of having my beefy cock inside her came to me right away, and I began to doubt that I’d fit, if by chance or miracle, we actually did fuck. I’d be too big for her; I knew that without even trying. She was small and fucking tight, and to fuck her would ruin her.

“That feels so good,” she said softly while collecting every thrust from my finger.

I took a chance by adding another finger since she was wetter than a glacier. It slipped inside her with ease, her pliant flesh stretching to accept it. She moaned deeply, slightly writhing on the bed.

I used one hand to caress her breasts and the other to fuck her. Her face was flushed as I increased my pace, pulling my fingers back and forth faster and faster. Ruth began to mewl, her tiny gasps and moans like a drug that rushed through my veins. I couldn’t believe how wet she was – how wetter she was becoming with each thrust. Her flesh began to stretch, and after a few seconds, my fingers began to sail back and forth inside her effortlessly.

The sounds of my digits moving back and forth in her wet pussy filled the air along with her moans. The air around us got hot, and Ruth’s flesh started to grip my fingers tighter and tighter as they fucked her.

“Mhmm, oh yes,’ she whispered, capturing her free breast in her hand and squeezing it tight, her eyes closed.

She cried out loudly, possibly awaking anything that might have been nearby. Her flesh clung to me tightly, and I paused, allowing her orgasm to get the best of her while I felt every bit of it. Her flesh convulsed and her body raised from the bed before it dropped harshly to the sleeping bag. I kept my fingers inside her while she went through the motions, her body writhing, her face contorting in a thousand emotions while a rush of her warm juices drenched my fingers. She breathed heavily, causing her generous breasts to rise and fall on her chest. I gritted my teeth so hard, I feared they might have shattered in my mouth. I wanted release so badly, it was agonizing.

A minute later, Ruth's breathing became more even. I pulled my fingers from inside her, and she gasped, immediately leaning into me to kiss me. It was hungry and deep, but it also felt like a thank you.

"That was amazing," she smiled at me.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," I said, rolling on my back.

Ruth shuffled a little and sat up. I watched her as she pulled off her pants and my heart plummeted, wondering what she was up to.

"It's suddenly so hot in here," she said as she raised her legs and pulled her sweats from her legs. I cast my gaze between her legs and came in contact with her crotch which was still wet – drenched with her juices.

I swallowed hard and adjusted a little, still unable to fight the boner that strained against my shorts.

"Do you want help with that?" I heard her say, and for a second, I wondered if I'd heard incorrectly.

I glanced at her, seeing the blush on her cheeks as she glanced from me to my midsection – my obvious bulge.

"Can you?" I couldn't help but ask.

"I could try. You gave me the most amazing orgasm; the least I could do is return the favor," she said.

I cleared my throat. "Only if you want to."

"I wouldn't be asking if I didn't want to," she said, using my very words against me. I couldn't help but smile.

Very timidly, Ruth crawled towards me, straddling my legs before she reached for the waistband of my shorts. I raised my hips and allowed her to pull them down. My cock sprung free, and I watched as she visibly swallowed, her eyes peered at the sight of my strapping manhood. She'd seen it earlier, but she'd never seen it hard, and that was a completely different ballgame.

“You’re so big,” she said as she took it into her small hands. I gritted my teeth at the feeling of her touching my member.

She took her time to examine it, her face filled with wonder as she did so. She held it in the center and dipped her head, licking from the base, right up to the tip, and not stopping until my cock glistened with the wetness from her mouth.

I trailed my hand down her slender back and urged her on as she took her time, getting used to the taste and feel of my phallus. She began to lick across the tip, and I clenched my teeth yet again, knowing she was at the sensitive part. She circled her tongue around the tip and swallowed every bit of my taste before she looked up at me with those innocent brown eyes.

“Spit on it,” I instructed. “And use your hands.”

At this point, her blush was part of her overall look. She did as asked, a dollop of her wetness from her mouth dropping to my cock. I closed my eyes at the pleasure that rang through me as she did so. She did so another time, and I watched with bated breath as her wetness ran down the length of my cock and over the fingers she had curled around my girth. She began to massage it, spreading her wetness all over my cock before she dipped her head and took the tip into her mouth.

I clenched my teeth and resisted the urge to mutter a curse as she stretched her warm, tight mouth over my dick. I watched as it filled out the corners of her soft lips, dragging tight into her mouth like a condom itself. She looked up at me as she went further with my member between her lips, and I almost lost it seeing the look on her face as she took my cock for the first time.

“Perfect, that’s right. No teeth,” I said, almost compelled to thrust my hip up into her mouth before I quickly reminded myself that Ruth was no pro, and if she hadn’t had a cock in her pussy, chances were her mouth was just as untouched.

“Breathe through your mouth, Princess and take this cock further in that sweet little mouth,” I encouraged, tracing my fingers through her silky soft hair.

Ruth went further, opening her mouth as wide as she could and taking my dick further and further. I felt the tip at the back of her throat and felt a wave of desire crash into me. I knew I was about to come, but just as I was about to get used to the feeling, she pulled out and coughed, strings of wetness attached to her mouth from my cock.

I rubbed her back. “It’s okay, you did good.”

She smiled and licked her lips, her eyes a little watery from her attempt. She filled her mouth with my beefy cock once again but didn't make an attempt to have it down her throat this time. She focused on the tip this time, sucking and licking until I could feel the tightness in my balls that told me what this was.

"I'm about to come," I warned her, giving her an option to either stay or get off. I'd expected the latter, but when she started to suck me with more vigor, I was pleasantly surprised.

I muttered a curse, and my hips slightly bucked upright as my seed spilled from my tip into Ruth's mouth. She was taken a bit off-guard, jolting at the first burst, but she still had me inside, filling the inside of her sweet mouth, until my cum began to leak from the corners of her mouth and down my cock.

I bucked inside her mouth again, and this time she pulled back, taking a gulp of my semen. I took my cock in hand as I watched her, squeezing every drop from my satisfied dick and watching as she licked it from her plush lips.

"God, you're amazing," I said as I reached for her and kissed her, tasting the tangy, slightly salty taste of my cum on her lips.

"I could say the same about you," she said. "I can't believe I just did that."

I smiled as I pulled her in my arms. "And you're so good at it."

"Hmm," she smiled as she snuggled up beside me. Within seconds, she was fast asleep, a contented look on her face.

The longer I stayed there with just my thoughts racing through my head, the more I knew I was damned to fucking hell.

Chapter 9

Ruth

I woke up the following morning feeling like I'd just gotten the best sleep in ages. It took a second for the fog to clear from my mind, but when it did, I was reminded of what happened last night. I suddenly picked up on the sound of Denver's deep breathing and realized I was still in his tent in just my panties and t-shirt, and he was right behind me.

I swallowed hard, slightly panicked, but then I felt something hard against my ass. It was Denver's boner, I quickly realized, and that stirred my own arousal. Yes, we had agreed on no sex, but there was just something about waking up, knowing he was hard even as he slept. Was that a thing?

He was only wearing a t-shirt. So, it was just his hard naked cock against my panties. I bit my lips and reached behind me to feel it. He was hard alright – as a rock, which made me aroused, too.

My heart thrummed against my chest as I contemplated my next move. Just then, Denver shifted a little and then moaned. With the way his breathing had slowed, I knew he was awake.

"Ruth?" his groggy voice came.

I shifted onto my back to look at him. I met his blue gaze, his eyes still not fully opened.

"Hey," I said, my body still pressed against his.

He clenched his teeth. "Fuck," he said as if finally realizing he sported a boner that was cushioned right between my ass.

I reached for it yet again to let him know I was aware of it. I didn't know where this sudden burst of bravery came from, but for now, I was latching onto it with everything I had.

"Ruth…" he said.

"Please," I begged, unable to put my desires into words.

"If we cross this line, there's no coming back," he said against my ear, sending a shiver down my spine.

"I know."

"And I don't have a condom."

“I want to feel every inch of you.”

“You want me to fill your little pussy like I filled your mouth?” he asked, and my heart lurched in my chest.

“Mhmm.”

He propped himself up on his elbows and used his hand to brush the hair from my face. “You’ll take precautions after?”

“Definitely,” I was quick to assure.

He leaned in to kiss me with more need this time around. I clung to him, enjoying the way my body melted into him and responded to his familiar touch. As he kissed me, his hand crept up my stomach and to my breasts. He took his turn squeezing both with his huge hands, pulling at my nipples, which were already stiff against his fingers.

I lifted my hips, grabbed my panties and pulled them down my legs. I parted my legs instantly, and Denver reached between them, pressing his fingers against my clit and gently rubbing. I was already so wet for him, but the way he teased me got me even wetter.

Denver slipped a single finger inside my cavern, driving it as far as it could possibly go, before he added and continued to stretch me while he kissed me. Heat engulfed my body, and desire thrummed through my veins as I softly moaned at Denver’s touch. Even his fingers were skillful, knowing just where to touch and tip me over the edge.

My core began to spill more juices as he worked his fingers inside me. I was soaking wet and knew it would still probably not be enough for Denver’s cock.

He got up, towering over me with his manhood hard and thick. I licked my lips at the sight of him, more arousal filling my body when he lifted the hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head. Now, he was completely naked, every inch of him defined. I couldn’t take my eyes off him, his hair that fell and brushed against his shoulders – his piercing blue eyes.

I sat up as well, just inches away from his face. I did the same, discarding my shirt to the side of the tent. Now we were both naked and the anticipation of what was about to happen was almost overwhelming.

Denver kissed me, his hand planted on my breast, caressing. I fell back onto the sleeping bags with Denver’s lips still joined to mine. He kissed me passionately before he dragged his lips from mine and went to my neck, suckling on the sensitive column that I was sure

would leave a mark. He kissed down my chest, taking his time to suckle each waiting breasts before he licked a path down my belly button and to my pussy.

I sucked in a breath when I felt the heat from his mouth against my quim. My core pooled as he started to suckle on my flesh, pulling my folds between his lips before inserting his tongue inside me.

I released a guttural moan and raked my hands through his hair while he used his mouth to pleasure my pussy. There was simply not anything this man couldn't do. He was skilled in every area, but that was no surprise, seeing he was the full package. A man like Denver had to spend the better part of his life pleasing women.

He sucked and licked on my flesh until the pleasure increased in my body, and I felt myself nearing my peak. As if sensing what was about to happen, Denver pulled back and rose from between my legs, his lips wet with my juices. He kissed me hard, sharing my taste while he continued to fondle my breasts.

When he lowered his body to mine, his manhood poked at my stomach. He adjusted himself a bit, and it grazed against my quim, igniting more fire inside my body. I moaned against his lips, shifting my body so that his cock rested against my pussy. He broke the kiss and held my gaze, getting into position.

I held my breath as he used his hand to direct his cock at my entrance. He teased my hole with the hardened tip before he ran the length of it up and down my slit. My body jolted from a burst of pleasure, my pulse picking up pace. Denver continued to tease my pussy until he slid inside me. I gasped when the bulbous head slipped inside, and my body tensed.

"Easy baby, this might hurt for just a little while," he said, pausing with the head still nestled inside my entrance.

I licked my lips and nodded. Denver captured my lips in a searing kiss that had my head reeling. I kissed him back with all the need that cascaded through my body. And as we kissed, he pierced my hymen with one firm thrust. I moaned against his lips and clung tightly to him while my pussy clenched around his cock, trying to make sense of the intrusion.

He pushed himself deeper, and sharp, stinging pain assaulted my senses, almost making me want to have him out from inside me.

Denver held me firmly, pausing as his cock stretched my virgin hole. My core stung around his girth, and tears pricked my eyes. Denver broke the kiss and stared down at me, the look in his eyes soft as he examined my face.

“You’re too big,” I said, my voice shaky.

“Relax; it won’t hurt for long,” he said, his voice just the pacifier I needed to calm myself.

He raised up and got on his knees, his cock still lodged inside my stinging pussy. He looked at the spot where we joined and clenched his teeth before he trailed his hands up my sides and down my legs. The small shift in movement made me gasp, but as Denver continued to caress my body and my breasts, my arousal heightened.

He spread my legs further apart and steadied his gaze between us. I was caught off guard when he spat on my pussy. I felt it sluicing down my skin, just as warm as his cum that had filled my mouth the night before. I swallowed hard and tried my very best to relax as Denver had said.

He started to move ever so slightly, and my lips hung apart, my breathing frantic as he went back and forth inside me, slowly killing the pain that assaulted my body. I began to quickly realize that the more he moved, the more the pain lessened, and the pleasure began to stir in my gut.

I didn’t even have half of Denver’s size inside me and already it felt like such a task, but the pain was no longer as intense. He lowered himself again and kissed me, his chest brushing against my hard nipples, his hot body sliding against mine. He made an effort to go deeper, and I moaned once again, dragging my nails down his toned back.

He took his time to fill me with inch after inch, filling me to the point where I knew I couldn’t fit anything else. He was inside me deep, filling out every single corner of my pussy, his hardness massaging my slick walls that had started to get used to his girth.

Denver’s pace increased just a little, and he started to moan as he slid against my walls. I clung to him, not wanting to let up while the pleasure increased inside me. He nestled his face at my neck, breathing heavily while he worked my pussy with his cock. My body burned against his, spurring sweat from our skin. The squelching sound of my pussy filled the tent, along with my generous moans. Nothing remained but pleasure, and I was surprised to find that my pussy grew more accepting of him and was able to take more and more of his length.

My hand trailed along his taut buttocks that flexed each time he thrust inside me. I clung to him and pressed him a bit further, wondering if I could manage more of him. I gasped when he slipped further, and a bolt of pain rushed through my body. Denver eased off

a little but didn't slow his pace while he continued to make my pussy sloppy around his cock.

"Yes, oh, this feels so good…mnh…" the words were airy as they left my lips.

Denver began to move faster, his body slick against mine as he moved. I closed my eyes tightly as my pussy started to convulse around his thick cock. It squeezed him tight as it urged every bit of cum from his thick cock.

I sucked in a breath. "I think I'm about to come," I gasped, unintentionally digging my nails into his ass as I pressed his cock further inside my pussy. My world shattered around me at the single action, and my eyes burned with tears.

Denver bucked inside me, a single jolt passing through his body, followed by a loud, beastly grunt. I started to quiver beneath him as a burst of his warm semen filled my insides. His cock swelled inside me, twitching as he emptied his load inside my cavern. It seemed endless as he filled me over and over again until his cock slipped from inside me, and a trail of his cum slipped from inside my used cunt.

Denver rolled on his back and tried to catch his breath just like I did. I stared blankly into the roof of the tent, breathing heavily, unable to believe this had actually happened. My body felt like it was in another dimension. There was nothing else to feel but pleasure, and it felt like I was floating in it. I finally understood what they meant when people said it felt like they were on cloud nine. There was no other way to describe this.

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Several minutes later, when I could finally compose myself, I glanced at Denver.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

I bit the inside of my lips. "So good." I shifted position and felt the stickiness from Denver's load between my legs.

He used his thumb to caress my cheeks. "Good."

"I'm glad it happened."

Denver didn't say anything, but I could clearly see how the look in his eyes changed. He got up from beside me and pulled on his shirt before stepping outside the tent.

I frowned at the sudden coldness that he presented, feeling a

slight pang in my heart at his changed demeanor. I quickly got up and followed behind him, not putting on anything.

"So, you're that cliché?" I asked, drawing his attention. He paused to look at me, his jaw visibly clenched as his gaze roamed my frame. "We had sex, so it's back to you being distant and cold."

"We both know that shouldn't have happened, Ruth."

"Well, it did, and you didn't seem to have a problem minutes ago when you were inside me."

He turned and pulled on his pants. "We don't have to make this complicated –"

"You're the one who's making it complicated," I jabbed back. "I asked for sex, not a happily ever after."

"This was a one-off thing," he said as he walked away. "It's never gonna happen again – you know that."

Before I had the chance to answer, he disappeared into the bushes. I sighed heavily, not wanting to focus on the sadness that loomed inside me. Instead, I grabbed a few things from my bag and headed down the river. Once there, I used some soap along with a small washcloth I'd brought and washed my body clean. Though I'd enjoyed basking in Denver's scent and his essence, I wanted to feel clean again.

As I moved through the water and washed my privates, the soreness between my legs became more evident. My pussy still felt tender, but despite that, the more I touched myself the more I wanted Denver to touch me.

I was just about to get out when Denver appeared through the bushes. He slowed his pace when he saw me but continued to walk until he was by the river. Without a word said, he stripped himself of his clothes and joined in the water.

I swallowed, seeing him all naked again. I didn't think I'd get used to seeing him like that, and I didn't mind.

He washed his face and used his hands to wash across his body, all the while pretending like I wasn't there. Feeling both angry and hurt, I scoffed and left the river, dragging my clothes from the ground.

"Ruth!" I paused at the sound of my name and looked back to see Denver leaving the river as well.

"What?"

"I'm sorry for how I came across earlier," he said, stark naked.

“You mean when you were being a complete asshole?”

He scoffed. “You can’t imagine how hard this is for me.”

I frowned. “What?”

“Tom is my best friend; you’re his daughter. Do you really think I could ever look him in the eyes again without feeling like I betrayed our friendship?”

“I’m his daughter who’ll have to live with him after this, so no, I can’t imagine how hard it’ll be for you when I know it’ll be ten times harder for me. But I know what I wanted, and if you regretted it, then I can’t change the way you feel, but I didn’t regret a minute of it.”

His gaze narrowed at me. “I don’t regret it.”

I swallowed as a wave of relief passed through me. “Okay, good.”

Chapter 10

Ruth

I managed a smile before I turned and headed back to the campsite, where I put on clean clothes and checked my phone. There were still no messages, but it was just habit.

Shortly after, Denver came back, fully dressed. He moved towards the pieces of wood and lit a fire and did a breakfast of sausages. We ate, chatted a little and explored the sites until it got later in the day when Denver decided it would probably be a good idea to head back to the campsite to pack up and head home.

We packed up our things and were about to head back down to the truck when Denver grabbed my hand, stopping me from going any further.

I glanced at his hand on mine and then at him, wondering what it was, but also feeling my body grow heated by his touch.

"I want to show you something before we leave," he said.

I nodded. "Okay."

He led the way; we went over a small rising before we came out on the top of a cliff. My eyes widened instantly when I saw the view ahead. It was of the city with a dashing sunset behind, casting a warm hue on all the buildings below. The sky was a mixture of bright orange, blue and hints of purple.

"Wow," I said, my voice low as I stared at the beautiful view.

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Perfect," I said, still unable to take my eyes off it.

"Hmm."

I took in an eyeful before we finally decided to leave. Denver led the way as always, and I smiled as I reflected on the experience. Though short, I hadn't regretted a single thing. I certainly didn't regret losing my virginity to the man who'd made me feel fulfilled in more ways than one. I bet Ashley couldn't believe it even when I told her, and I couldn't wait. It was risky, but I trusted Ashley, and I wanted someone to brag about it to. If I could, I would have let the whole world know that Denver and I spent the night together, and he exceeded all my expectations. Every time I thought about him and

what we had done, I got that warm, fuzzy feeling in my stomach that made me just want to curl up into a ball and giggle in contentedness.

I sighed when we arrived at the van. The walk didn't seem as long and tedious as the first time, and I didn't even break much of a sweat.

"This is it," Denver said as he pulled the door open, propped on the A.C. and then went around the back to get our things inside.

When we were both in the front seat, I turned to him. "I enjoyed the trip."

"Yeah, me too."

I turned to the window, blushing. Denver started the car, and we got some food on the way before we drove home. It was almost the same thing once we got back, except it was a house this time and not a tent. But the surroundings were similar to where we camped.

I headed to the room and flopped down on the bed, feeling happy to have something as soft as this against my back. Though I hadn't mind being stuck in a tent with Denver. How could I?

He'd said it was a one-time thing, and I respected his decision, but that would have been easy if we didn't still share the same space. I had a couple of days left in this state, and I just didn't know how I'd cope, knowing I wanted him again and couldn't have him. Ashley had said it, she'd often bragged about how good sex felt, and you'd want more time and time again. I just didn't believe her completely, but now the feeling that thrummed through every single vein in my body made me feel like the nymphomaniac she had jokingly accused me of being once I'd broken my virginity.

There was a craving and a need to fill myself over and over again with Denver's cock. It felt like desperation, but I knew Denver was a strict man, and if he said it wasn't going to happen again, I believed him.

I bit my lips, thinking if I didn't have Denver, then I'd seek some other form of satisfaction. I slipped my fingers down my pants and over my mound, which was now sprinkled by a small amount of hair.

I held my breath as I swept my finger over my clit and jolted when the sudden sweet sensation passed through my body. My body was awakened by arousal, and I closed my eyes as I slipped my finger further and further until I reached my dewy entrance.

I bit my lips. Even now, there was some tenderness, but as I circled my finger around, getting everywhere else wet, it became a

distant feeling. The pleasure was much more dominating, and I clung to every second of it.

I dipped my finger into my hole and sucked in a sharp breath as a pleasing sensation moved through me. I wanted more of it, and so I added another finger, loving the fact there was no barrier this time – just a path for my fingers to move as far as my channel allowed.

My wetness lathered my fingers the more I moved them inside me. Desperate to have more, I pulled my digits away and quickly pulled my pants and panties off, wanting more space to move more freely. I parted my legs as far as I could and touched myself again, inserting my fingers deep into my aching cunt.

As one hand worked my pussy, I used the other to grip my breasts, squeezing them and causing more pleasure to rush through me. I closed my eyes as it intensified, biting down on my lips as a cry threatened to rip from my lips.

My body heaved, my ass rising from off the bed while I dug my fingers deeper, trying to press the pressure point that made my head whirl with pleasure. I slapped my hand over my mouth, but that didn't stop the deep moan from leaving my lips.

My orgasm crashed into me, my fingers hooked deep as pleasure coursed through my whole body. My body crashed to the bed, shivering while I tried to come down from my high.

When my pulse slowed, I opened my eyes and slid my fingers from inside of me, but in doing so, I realized that my door was now open, blocked by Denver's large frame.

I gasped, bounding upright and taking note of the primal look on Denver's face. I also couldn't miss the huge bulge in his pants.

Suddenly, it seemed as if something clicked inside him, and he took a step back, clearing his throat. "Sorry, I knocked, and when you didn't answer, I thought-"

"It's fine," I said cutting him off, reaching for a blanket to cover myself, the embarrassment still ripe in my cheeks.

He nodded, gaze still trained on me before he quickly turned and left.

"Shit," I muttered, flopping back down on the bed, wishing he'd stayed.

Chapter 11

Denver

"Fucking hell," I muttered as soon as I blasted out of Ruth's room, feeling more sexually frustrated than I'd ever been in my entire life. Sure, I had said I'd only fuck her once, but ever since, it was like the world was working to have me go against my word.

First, it was at the river, where she waltzed around naked and though we had just had sex, nothing would have stopped me from fucking her again, especially with that stunning body she had – those fucking pair of tits that were stamped on her chest.

Now this. I hadn't seen it coming, but I was pleasantly surprised by what I'd seen. Nothing would get the image out of my head; Ruth sprawled out, legs wide apart, her fingers driving back and forth into her tight little snatch that milked more and more as she fucked herself. I could still see the wet trail that oozed from her snatch, down to her ass to wet the bedsheets. I was hard in less than a minute, wanting desperately to replace her fingers with my cock and fuck her deeper and harder now that she was no longer a virgin.

My mouth had watered for a taste of her pussy, especially when her juices had flowed so profusely. I wanted it all, but then I had to quickly remind myself of my promise to myself. She was Tom's little angel, and I just couldn't continue to cross that line, knowing that the more time I spent inside her, the harder it would be to detach myself.

I was sparing us both, but sights like that made me want to go against everything I'd ever said and demand to fuck her right. I also realized that Ruth wanted this as much as I did. She was still a greedy little minx who wanted her cunt stuffed shortly after our first encounter. Most virgins I'd fucked wanted a day to recuperate, but she was hungry for my dick, which made me even harder. All that innocence was gone, replaced by a cock-hungry beauty who resorted to self-pleasure when she couldn't get my cock.

I clenched my teeth as I stepped on the outside, walking awkwardly because of the boner between my legs. The only thing that could quench this hunger was the snugness of Ruth's cunt wrapped around my cock, but I couldn't have that. Fuck, I was working hard to remain true to myself. As much as I needed her, I knew I had to fight the urge and stay away.

It was the fucking right thing to do. As simple as that.

I stopped in my tracks and sighed heavily, running a hand across my face before I started walking back towards the house. Walking wouldn't help, so I knew it would be pointless to take a walk. The only thing that could help, apart from Ruth, was a very cold shower.

I headed back inside and was glad when I didn't bump into Ruth on my way there. I might have just bent her over and fucked her right there. She'd want it as much as I did, after all.

I stripped myself, hopped in the shower and allowed the cold water to blast against my skin, numbing any feeling that I had. It took me minutes, but my arousal died with the size of my cock, and I sighed in relief.

I went to the living room after and turned the tv on, my mind eons away from what my eyes could see. I heard Ruth moving around in her room and wondered if she was making another attempt to fuck herself.

"Jesus Christ, Denver," I muttered to myself, shaking my head at my own thoughts.

"What are you watching?" a voice behind me said. My heart lurched, and before I had the chance to turn and look, Ruth stepped in front of me.

She'd changed into a dress – this was the first time I'd ever seen her in a dress. It exposed her slender, creamy legs, and as my gaze traveled up, I couldn't help but think about her pussy underneath. Her hair was down, too, skimming over her shoulders and falling down her back. She had her glasses on, looking as innocent as they come, but I knew better now. She was far from it.

I scratched my chin. "Er – it's a documentary."

She glanced at the tv and then flopped down beside me on the sofa, her fruity scent filling my senses.

"What about?" she questioned.

"Animals in the arctic."

She smiled, but then said nothing after. Silence filled the space around us, so palpable it could be touched. Kind of like how I wanted to touch her.

"I'm sorry again about earlier," I said, instantly regretting the words as they left my lips. It only reminded me of the beautiful image I'd seen.

“It’s fine; it’s not like we didn’t…y’know.”

“Yeah.”

Silence again.

“I’d like to do it again,” she said, catching me by surprise. My head whipped around to meet her gaze.

“Ruth, I already told you…”

“Yes, you said it can never happen again, but I know you want this, too.”

I swallowed hard. “What I want has nothing to do with it.”

She inched a bit closer to me. “I leave in a few days; we could make the best of the time while I’m here – no strings.”

I released a heavy breath. “I don’t think so,” I said, the words feeling difficult to pass my lips because I knew those were words I didn’t want to say.

“Okay, I guess I’ll just have to satisfy myself again and again until I find someone who can do it for me.”

Her words immediately infuriated me. I clenched my jaw tightly and met her gaze.

“Ruth, don’t tempt me,” I said between clenched teeth.

Her cheeks reddened. “Maybe that’s exactly what I want,” she said as she got up from the sofa and attempted to leave.

I grabbed her hand before she was out of reach and whirled her into me. She gasped when she landed on my lap, her face just inches away from me.

“What do you want from me?” I asked, still not over the thought of another man touching her – being inside her.

She swallowed. “You know what I want.”

“Didn’t you have enough earlier?” I jabbed at her.

“It felt good, but it’s not the same. I want the real thing,” she said.

I pulled her further down on me, so she felt the bulge in my sweatpants. She became more flustered, and I knew she felt it.

“You’re driving me insane, Ruth.”

“I could say the same for you, Denver.”

“No strings?”

She briefly sucked on her bottom lip. “No strings.”

As soon as the words left her mouth, I devoured her luscious lips, kissing her deeply, stirring my cock even more. My hand trailed down her arms, my thumb brushing against her stiff breasts, which were bra-less. I peeled the straps from her shoulders as we kissed and pulled them from her shoulders. Her heavy breasts greeted me with pointy nipples that begged for my touch.

Just as I reached for them, Ruth pulled apart, standing for a second before she straddled me, giving me full access to her breasts. I sucked them into my mouth, enjoying the whimper she released each time I teased her responsive nipples.

Ruth rubbed her cunt against me, moaning while I sucked on her nipples and while she got off on my bulge.

Desperate to be inside her, I lifted her in my arms with one hand and used the other to peel my sweats from around my ass. They fell in a heap at my ankles, and I sat again, Ruth’s legs still straddling mine.

As she made herself comfortable, her heat brushed against my cock, and I realized then she wasn’t wearing any panties. I gave her a knowing look, and she smiled at me, knowing exactly what I meant. This seemed to be her plan from the very beginning, but heck if I was complaining.

I pulled her down on me, allowing her cunt to rest on my cock. The wet warmth of her crotch filled me with a bout of adrenaline that had me kissing her hungrily again, while she gently moved her hips, allowing her soaking pussy to lather my cock.

She moaned against my lips before she pulled apart and propped one leg on the sofa and lifted the other. I held my cock upright and allowed her to lower herself on it. As my cock pierced her needy quim, the squelch of her flesh along with her moans filled the air. I watched eagerly, and she lowered inch after inch inside her snug vagina, biting her lips and closing her eyes tightly the further she went.

I held back a curse as her warmth engulfed my length, spreading more and more as she went. I didn’t think she had it in her to take the whole thing, but Ruth took her time to impale herself, constantly moaning as she swallowed up inch after inch.

“Fuck, you did that,” I said, staring at her flustered face.

She smiled as she sat down on me, my length completely buried in her passage. She gasped as she wrapped her hands around my neck

and kissed me. I circled my hands around her waist and adjusted her body. She didn't move for a while, but I felt the tiny spasms of her pussy around my cock, the slight twitches followed by her moans.

Ruth broke the kiss and started to rotate her hips, her mouth slightly agape while her hair spilled chaotically around her shoulders. Her breasts jiggled as she moved, tempting my mouth for a taste. I allowed her to do her thing, and she did, increasing her movements and rolling her hips until her tight little channel started to clench around me.

I knew she'd come soon, but I didn't want her to as yet. I wanted to bask longer in her warmth, taking as much as I could before I filled her with my seed.

I quickly pulled her off me and stood. Ruth looked confused, but when I made her lean over the armrest of the sofa, she blushed, and I knew she knew what was about to come.

I pushed up her dress as I stood behind her, exposing her rounded ass with her wet quim resting below, right between her slender legs.

My cock twitched, ready to get lost inside her again, but unable to help myself, I went down and licked her from bottom to top, spreading her pert ass cheeks as I did so and loving the way she quivered in my hands and mouth.

I licked her several times before I stood, examining the extra wetness I'd given her. I licked my lips and used my hands to spread her ass cheeks, staring at her flushed pink hole that awaited my cock. I took a step further and aligned my cock with her passage, watching as the tip popped in, and Ruth quivered. My manhood was still drenched with her juices, but I knew it would be sopping wet in a second.

With one sharp thrust I entered her; her scream filled the room, and her snug pussy tightened around my cock while I sought my path inside her. I gave her just a second to adjust before I slammed into her again, enjoying the squeals that escaped her lips.

Her walls tightened around me with each thrust, almost like a vice grip as I began to move swiftly inside her.

"You feel so good, Ruth," I said while I continued to slam harshly inside her. "This is what you wanted isn't it?"

"Mmm," the words could barely leave her lips. I fucked her harder to get them out.

"Say it," I demanded.

“Yes!” she screamed, griping the edge of the sofa. “Yes, this is all I wanted.”

I spread her cheeks again and watched as my cock drilled her; how her lips clung to me with every stroke.

“Next time you feel horny; you come to me. I can do fucking more than those fingers, Princess.”

“Yes!’ she exclaimed, her walls clenching me even tighter.

When I felt she was about to come, I leaned over onto her and grabbed her breasts, still fucking her hard and fast. I eased her up, so her back was against my chest. I dipped my body a little, so our bodies aligned, and then I stroked her like a man starved. My hand slid up her neck and I held her there while she cried under my cock.

“I swear to God, this sweet pussy is mine. Every inch of your needy little body belongs to me,” I whispered in her ear through tightly clenched teeth.

“Yes, Denver,” her words were disjointed, but I was happy she got them out; happy she agreed.

She was about to come. I could feel it, yet I didn’t let up. Ruth screamed my name and closed up her legs, her body quivering. Something warm consumed my cock before I felt it against my leg. I pulled out and realized Ruth was squirting, her legs trembling as she tried to keep herself up.

I held her until her tremors passed, and her cries subsided. She was spent.

“Get on your knees,” I instructed a minute later.

Without questioning it, she did so, her glasses still on as she stared up at me, her chest still heaving.

I worked my cock into my hand, swiftly pulling it back and forth before I grunted and bucked forward. A stream of my hot cum landed on her glasses, clouding her vision. I moaned throatily, pointing my length to her chest where I allowed the remainder of my cum to spill over her breasts.

Chapter 12

Ruth

I woke up in Denver's arms, though I had no idea how I'd gotten there. The previous night had been a blur, though I remembered some things clearly. I remember us going several rounds until I was sure I passed out. But getting into the bed, I didn't remember.

I smiled at the warmth that filled my body, being wrapped up in my arms and feeling safe and secure. There was nothing like it, plus the more I looked, the more I realized we were in his bedroom and not mine.

I snuggled closer to him, but then he stirred, his grip tightening on me. I rolled over to face him; as we lay face to face, he opened his blue eyes and smiled at me.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning."

He leaned in and kissed me, and I couldn't believe that my core tingled with desire. I just couldn't get enough of him but felt more than satisfied when I orgasmed.

Denver leaned over and grabbed his watch from the bedside table, his brow raising.

"It's almost twelve. We overslept," he said.

"Wow, explains why I feel so hungry."

"Hungry for what?" he teased.

I bit my lips, feeling the blush coming along. "You first; food second."

He chuckled, and that might have been the first time I heard it. "You've really transformed into a little minx, haven't you?"

"And you have gotten a lot more talkative," I jabbed back.

He grinned. "Thanks to sex."

"Great sex," I said as I reached for him and kissed him tenderly.

He broke the kiss and used his hand to brush the hair from my face. "Come, I know you must be sore; plus, food will give you the energy you'll need for later."

I grinned. “Oh, I can’t wait.”

“Neither can I,” he said before he gave me a quick kiss and slung his legs over the side of the bed. He paused, his gaze turned to the window.

I eased up from the bed when I heard a car moving towards the house. “Who’s that?” I asked.

He shrugged. “No idea.”

My brows furrowed in curiosity. “Do you normally get visitors?”

“No,” he said, his tone firm again as he got up and shifted the curtains a little. I was more curious to know who it was.

Denver’s body stiffened, and my heart lurched in my chest, seeing his reaction.

“Who is it?” I asked, my voice filled with urgency.

He turned to me and moved towards the bed. “It’s your father; get dressed,” he said, reaching for his flannel shirt, which was thrown over a chair in the corner.

“What?” I hissed, my pulse quickening. “That’s impossible,” I said as I bounded from the bed and headed towards the window.

My eyes widened when I shifted the curtains and saw him outside, taking his bag from the Uber.

“Shit!” I exclaimed, feeling an overwhelming sense of panic.

I immediately rushed to the room nearby and found the nearest thing to slip in.

A knock sounded at the front door. “Denver? Anyone home?”

I gasped. Through the corner of my eye, I glimpsed Denver leaving his room. I hastily bound my messy hair unto a ponytail and went in search of my glasses. I muttered a curse when I realized Denver had used them as a cum dump the night before and they were probably laying around in the living room.

“Shit!” I hissed before I quickly ran behind Denver and grabbed them from the floor. He paused at the door, realizing what I was doing and stopped so I could gather the rest of things from the living room. He seemed to have forgotten how wild last night had gotten.

I quickly scraped our discarded clothes from the floor and rushed to the bathroom, dumping them into the laundry basket and anxiously washing the remnants of dried semen from my glasses.

I heard indistinctive chatter and knew Denver and my dad had

greeted each other. I wiped my glasses and propped them on, staring at myself in the mirror.

My face still looked flustered, but that was easy to explain. The problem was, I needed a shower since I still smelled like Denver and had his bodily fluids all over me. I sighed as my eyes scanned the room. I pulled a fleece blanket from a rack and wrapped it around me before I finally left the bathroom.

My heart was still beating hard when I entered the living room and found my dad seated on the sofa Denver had me across the previous night. I swallowed hard and put a smile in place before I made an appearance.

"Dad!" I exclaimed.

He got up, his face lighting up when he saw me, but then he frowned seeing the blanket wrapped around me.

"Hey, sweetheart; is everything okay?"

I cleared my throat. "I think I'm coming down with something. Maybe camping wasn't for me, after all." My gaze shifted to Denver whose face was unreadable.

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry to hear that," he said, taking a step toward me while he examined my face. "You do a look a bit tired and flustered."

I gave a pitiful smile. "Yeah, I feel like it."

I took a seat. "You didn't tell me you were coming."

He threw his hands in the air. "I've been trying to call both of you, but when you didn't respond, I figured it might be best if I surprised you," he grinned.

"You know the signal out here sucks," Denver chipped in.

"Yes, that's why I wasn't too worried, but remember, sweetheart, I did say I'd tried to come later since I couldn't right away."

I smiled. "You did, but I can't actually believe you actually decided to."

"Well, I didn't want to disappoint you yet again. Plus, the workload at the hospital has lessened somewhat, and after those hectic couple of days, I figured I needed the time to clear my head."

I smiled. "Well, I'm glad you're here," I said, though that was only partially true.

"Tom, what can I get you to drink?" Denver asked.

Dad looked in his direction. “A cold beer doesn’t seem too bad, and I know that’s probably the only thing you have in your fridge,” he laughed. Denver only smiled as he left the room to get it.

“The heat here is no joke; probably that’s why you’ve been feeling sick, sweetheart,” he said, his gaze soft as he looked at me.

I gripped the blanket tighter, feeling a bit of guilt fill me. “Yeah, that could be it, too.”

“You should be fine, but if you’re not feeling any better, I could head out and get you some medicine,” he said.

“Dad, it’s fine, I promise. Nothing I can’t handle.”

He nodded. “Good. I hope Denver has been a good host.”

I smiled. “He’s been great – better than I expected.”

Dad chuckled. “Good, I told you he was cool.”

Denver returned with a beer in hand and handed it to my father before he took a seat. He didn’t meet my gaze once.

“How was the flight?” he asked.

“Oh,” he shrugged. “It was okay, I guess. How did the camping go?”

My face stung. I glanced at Denver, but his gaze was on my dad. “Fun.”

Dad smiled as he turned to me. “Great, and I bet you didn’t see any bears.”

“Fortunately. I don’t know what I would have done if I did.”

“Well, you were in pretty good hands with Denver,” he said, looking from me to Denver. I only smiled but could sense that Denver was in his mood. The one that made him feel like he’d betrayed my father by being with me.

While he and my father chatted, I took the opportunity to go take a shower, using my fake illness as an excuse to retire to my room. I just couldn’t sit and watch as Denver ignored me over and over again. Though I understood where he was coming from, I couldn’t get behind it a hundred percent. I wanted that warm, fuzzy feeling in my gut but knew there would be no more of that now my Dad was here.

And I didn’t know exactly how to feel about that.

Chapter 13

Ruth

For the next couple of days, it only got worse. Denver and I didn't have a conversation except when my father was involved, and he pitched in. It was like I didn't even exist to him, which cut me to the core. He didn't have a problem talking to my father or showing him around town. The problem was me, who he treated like a ghost.

I felt sad and disappointed and added to that, my body still acknowledged him. I still wanted to be with him – I wanted him inside me. I wanted his kisses, his caresses; I wanted to feel his breath against my ski;, I wanted him to smile against my lips as he kissed me. I wanted him. Everything.

I sat on the couch one evening, watching a comedy show my dad liked to watch. He always laughed out loud no matter how many times he watched it and always urged others to watch and share in on the jokes. I'd watched it so many times as a kid, I knew every punchline to the point where it wasn't even funny anymore.

Denver tried to get it on it as well, but he barely smiled. My dad was the only one cracking up in the living room.

Denver cleared his throat. "I think I'm gonna head into town for a bit – get some things for the house."

I perked up in my chair. "Can I tag along?"

He paused. "I won't be long."

"Please, I need to be out of the house for a bit."

My dad looked between us. "I have no problem with it, but I'll stay here and finish my show."

I smiled. Denver pulled in a breath. "Fine."

I got up and adjusted my glasses on my face, following behind Denver, who grabbed his keys from the kitchen table and left the house. He didn't say a word until we were both in the van and driving away from the house.

"What are you up to, Ruth?"

I raised my brow. "I'm not up to anything. All I want is some fresh air."

“There’s plenty of fresh air at the house,” he quipped.

“Maybe I wanted to talk to you for a bit – figure out why you’ve been ignoring me ever since my dad got here.”

He scoffed. “You have to ask?”

“You feel guilty for being with me, I know, but you pretending I don’t exist is an asshole move,” I hissed.

He brought the van to a sudden halt, taking me by surprise. He turned to me and met my gaze. “If I don’t, then your dad will figure this all out. I can’t look at you and not want to fuck you,” he said.

I sucked in a breath, the magnitude of his words filling me with heat. “You’re not the only one suffering but stop treating me like I’m non-existent.”

He rubbed the nape of his neck. “A day from now, you’ll be gone, and I don’t even know when I’ll see you again. It’s better this way; I have to start learning how to cope when I’m not inside you.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat when it dawned on me that I’d be gone soon, and there would be no Denver around. I wanted to bawl my eyes out, but instead, I blinked back the stinging and cleared my throat.

“I guess you’re right. This was just a fling that will come to an end soon. We can’t control that.”

The muscles worked up in his jaw before he nodded. Silence filled the air around us before he glanced at me again, and our gazes met. My heart picked up pace, and like a moth drawn to a flame, I reached out and kissed him, unable to stop myself.

Denver kissed me back with just as much passion, cupping my face in his hands while he softly tasted on my lips and my tongue. I moaned against his sweet mouth as a rush of desire flooded through my body. With shaky hands, I pulled the seatbelt from around me and bounded over to Denver’s side, straddling him while I smashed my lips against his again.

I moaned when I felt the bulge beneath my crotch, basking in the fact that I’d gotten him hard so quick. But who was I to talk when my panties were sodden with my juices?

The urgency with which we moved was maddening. Denver tore my dress to the side and suckled on my breasts before he pulled apart, reclined his seat and pushed his pants from under his ass.

I immediately reached for his hard cock and directed it towards my cunt, using my fingers to shift my panties. When he slid inside me,

I sighed heavily and craned my neck, allowing every bit of Denver's length to slide into my narrow channel. He moaned, grabbing onto my hips and pulling me against him.

"Mine," he hissed. "Fucking mine!"

There was just something about him staking a claim on my pussy that always got me off. My walls immediately clenched around him at his outburst as pleasure filled me more and more.

I planted my hand on the headrest behind him and rolled my hips until my moans increased with the pleasure. He felt so good – too good. I didn't stop until I felt Denver swelling inside me, his grip tightening on my hips. I continued to roll my hips, my eyes tightly shut as I prepared for the tsunami of pleasure to crash into me. The pleasure rose like a tidal wave, and my body shuddered just before my walls started to convulse around him. I crashed into Denver's chest, biting his shoulders while we came simultaneously. His hot seed filled me up, and my quim collected every bit of it until his flaccid cock slipped out from inside me.

Denver held me tight, but we didn't say a word to each other as we stayed there in each other's arms. I couldn't believe I'd be leaving all this in a short time.

**

The day came when we were supposed to leave. I woke up, knowing what day it was and yet I didn't want to bring myself to accept it. I wanted more time. I wanted Denver with me every second of the day. I felt the tears seeping from my eyes as I lay on my pillow and cried, my heart filled with so much pain it was a wonder I was still away.

I cried for minutes, dreading my flight but knew there was no way to avoid it. I sniffled as I peeled myself up from the bed and went to the bathroom to shower. It was an early flight, and we had less than an hour to get to the airport.

I heard Denver and my dad chatting outside. My dad sounded so chirpy – as he always did, but he had no idea what I was feeling. He never would.

I got dressed and finished packing my things with a heavy heart before I headed into the living room to join them. Dad smiled when he saw me, and Denver's gaze roamed my frame, his eyes warm.

My throat burned. "Ready?" I asked my dad.

“Just about. Let me get these into the trunk,” he said as he reached for my suitcase and pulled it along with him on the outside.

I followed behind but stopped suddenly just as I was about to leave through the door. Denver held my hand and pulled me to him, looking to see how far my dad had gotten before he turned to me. I felt like crying all over again.

He cupped my cheek and allowed his thumb to massage my face. I stared up into his blue eyes and felt my lips quiver.

“I’m going to miss you,” I croaked.

He smiled. “I’m going to miss you.” With that, he pulled me into his arms, my face crushed against his chest. I closed my eyes tightly, forcing myself not to cry as I lay in his embrace.

“But you could visit some other holiday – say you want some fresh air,” his tone was slightly humorous then, and I couldn’t help but smile against his chest.

He held me as I tried my hardest to hold back the tears. I basked in the feel and the smell of him, knowing it would probably be a while before I held him like this again. I didn’t even want to think about it.

As my dad’s footsteps neared the house, he pulled away from me and cleared his throat. I tugged at the hem of my shirt and took my bag from the sofa before I headed outside. Several minutes later, we were all inside the van – Denver in the driver’s seat, my dad beside him while I remained in the back. I rested my head against the window and took in as much fresh air as I could while I reflected on the time I had here. It took everything I possessed not to cry my eyes out.

Once we arrived at the airport, Denver helped to unload our luggage from his vehicle.

“Well, thank you for everything, Denver. I know I was only here for a short time, but this trip did what it was supposed to do. I feel refreshed,” my dad said, taking a whiff of fresh air and almost jumping on his toes.

“I’m glad to hear it.”

Dad smiled. “Well, we’ll let you know when we’re back in L.A.”

Denver nodded curtly. “Ruth…”

I managed a smile though my heart was breaking into a million pieces. “Thanks… for everything.”

Our gazes held for a second. I knew he knew what I meant. I could see it in his eyes.

“Don’t mention it.”

As much as I wanted to hug him, I couldn’t. That would seem odd to my dad, and I didn’t want to make him suspicious. So, we said our goodbyes, and me and my dad went our ways while Denver remained in the background, watching until we were out of sight. My eyes blurred with tears, but I’d be damned if I allowed them to spill.

It was back to life and back to my reality.

Chapter 14

Denver

I sat on the porch, drinking beer, noting the silence surrounding me. I'd been here for years, and it was never a problem for me, but ever since Ruth left, I didn't like it as much. I liked hearing the sound of her moving around the house, I liked talking to her. I liked hearing her moans, which filled the house on occasion. Now, I had none of that to look forward to, and I never thought it would affect me like this until I realized each day felt worse than the last.

I took the last drink and crushed the can in my hand before I headed back inside to my room. I saw my camping bag in the corner and realized I still had not unpacked after days. I just wasn't in the mood to remind myself of everything that had transpired on that trip and how I wasn't able to still get it all, after.

With a sigh, I moved towards it and rolled out my sleeping bag, prepared to put it in the laundry. I paused my eyes caught onto a small spot in the center. Upon careful inspection, I realized it was blood. It didn't take me long to realize it was Ruth's and had come about when I'd taken her virginity.

I clenched my teeth at the memory, filled with a bittersweet reminder. I couldn't get Ruth or her body out of my head, but seeing this only made me realize that that was the end of us. She was back to her life in the city, and I was here.

I'd taken her most prized possession, but eventually, her cravings would return, and she'd crave for sex. I wouldn't be there to satisfy her needs, so she'd eventually find a boyfriend – someone who would take my place. I knew I only angered myself, but I couldn't help but picture her reality. She was a beautiful girl, and any man would want to worship at her feet, beg her to have her body –

I stopped myself and flashed the bag to the side, breaking a few things in the process. Red hot fire ran through my veins as I thought about another man's hand on Ruth's body, her moaning to another man's caresses, someone else entering her.

I slammed my fist into the wall and didn't mind the pain that shot through my hand. It was too much, and I knew I'd drive myself mad thinking about her like this.

I strolled towards the room she had occupied and reached for

her blanket, taking a strong whiff of her scent. I hadn't changed the sheets – I couldn't bring myself to and knew the time would come when I'd want to remind myself of her fruity scent. The time was now, and my mouth salivated as I took it in.

I felt like I was losing my mind. Ruth was like a plague on my mind, and I didn't want her gone. Ever. I closed my eyes, the blanket still pressed to my nose and allowed my thoughts to roam free. After immersing myself in the memories, my cock stirred in my pants, and I hissed as I immediately started fumbling with the buckle, desperate to have my dick free.

I reminded myself of what it had felt like to be lodged deep inside her wet pussy, collecting every tremor, every pulsating grip as her walls clung to my length. The silky smoothness of her channel as I slid back and forth inside her, inspiring more juices from her convulsing flesh.

I pulled my cock into my hand, allowing the memories to fill me, going harder and faster each time. With the pace I was going, if I was inside Ruth, she'd been crying out loudly, abandoning herself to the pleasure that rippled through her. And I'd be there to collect every tug before I basked in the warm rush of her orgasm flooding my cock.

I hissed while I bucked into my hands, my balls swelling with the promise of an orgasm. I didn't let up until a loud grunt ripped from my lips, and I felt the warm trail of cum lather my fingers. I flopped back into the bed, breathing heavily.

I knew then that no other woman would compare to Ruth. That she would be the best I ever had, even if I had a mountain of pussies in front of me. It was that intense, but I knew for a fact she'd only be a memory – a damn good one – because reality was far too difficult for us to be more.

As much as I craved for Ruth, I couldn't quite see myself standing before my friend and telling him I'd spent sleepless nights dreaming of being inside her. Not only that, but my connection felt deeper than sex.

She was mine, and I had told her that before. Whether she chose to believe it or not was the real question.

The problem was, that I wished I had as much courage to let her know how much I felt since she had entered my life. It was like the world had opened up to me and granted me the very thing I needed the most. She was right in my grasp, and yet she wasn't even close.

I couldn't betray Tom. I couldn't tell him I had developed feelings for Ruth during the one week she was here. I couldn't tell him

that I'd fucked her more than once – had broken her sweet virginity and had claimed her as my own.

What kind of man would Tom see me as? He'd trusted me to protect Ruth on her trip here, and while I had done so, I had crossed a huge line regarding our friendship. One I wasn't sure could mend once it was broken.

Did I want that right now? Or was this the result of a fresh fling? I wondered if I'd still feel the same a month from now? Would she even be attracted to me after being back in the city, where there was no shortage of men who would be ready and willing to have her at the snap of a finger? Ruth was young, and she had her whole life ahead of her, and while I was consumed with thoughts of pleasuring her and fulfilling her wildest fantasies, would she want an older guy like me in the long run?

Would she be able to keep up when I wanted her body at every tick of the clock? Would she be able to keep up with my lifestyle, my desire to be set apart from the general population? There were so many questions I'd want the answers to, but I felt like I already knew the answers.

As much as I missed and wanted her, the real world was too intense for a woman like her, and a man like me to coexist. I guess it was one of those things.

And I supposed it was one of those situations when they said she was the one that got away.

Chapter 15

Ruth

My eyes watered as I stared down at my trembling hands, which held the small pregnancy stick. My tears fell at the results, and my body began to shake, panic filling me entirely. I didn't want to believe it, but the more I stared at it, the more it made sense. Denver and I had never used protection, and though I'd said I'd taken precautions the first time, it had completely slipped my mind.

Now, here I was, and I just knew he'd hate me for something like this. Men like Denver didn't want to be trapped, they didn't want relationships or people. He'd hate me; I knew it. The tears fell harder at that single thought. Nothing else broke my heart but the possibility that Denver would hate me.

I slipped to the toilet bowl and began to sob as everything came crashing down on me. I'd been ignoring the symptoms for days – at one point thinking I was coming down with a flu. Once it dawned on me, I decided to buy a kit as a precaution, but I never once thought the results would be like this.

It had been weeks, and with each passing day, I'd tried my very best to keep Denver out of my mind and focus on my studies. But things were always easier said than done. I couldn't bring myself to forget no matter how many times I tried, and I'd come to accept that.

Denver was my guy; he was my person, and though I'd only been with one man in my lifetime, my heart knew he was the one for me. Just the way my heart lurched even at the thought of him, how my body felt as I remembered our intimate moments. I knew no one could ever make me feel like that again. I had to learn to accept that, along with the fact that he'd ruined me for any other man. He'd told me I was his, and I'd believed it, felt it to my core and wouldn't believe anything else. That had been it for me.

Now I was pregnant, and I was shaking seeing the results, filled with the bittersweet revelation of how happy I was deep down inside to have made a person with the man I loved, but the bitterness stemmed from the fact that I knew he wouldn't see it the way I did.

Could I even blame him? I'd entered and disrupted his peaceful life that he'd been contented in for years, and now there was this. We'd agreed to no strings, but this felt like I was tying a noose around

his fucking neck. How could I ever tell him this? Could I even?

"Hey Ruth, are you in here?" I froze at the sound of Ashley's voice and the sound of the front door creaking open. She was back early, having left earlier to meet up with her boyfriend.

I brushed the tears from my face and tried my best to compose myself. But then a knock came at the door, and I panicked, dropping the test to the floor.

"Give me a sec –" My words were cut short when the door swung open, and Ashley stood there. I met her gaze and watched as it traveled to the floor where the test was.

Her eyes widened, her lips falling apart. "Holy shit!"

I sobbed even more.

Ashley rushed to my side, wrapping me into her arms and hugged me, her hands gliding back and forth down my back in an effort to comfort me. I cried even harder as it all came crashing down on me. It was all so much, half of it stemming from me missing Denver over the past weeks and having to hold back the tears I wanted to cry because I didn't want Ashley to think I was a sobbing mess over a man I'd acted so nonchalantly about towards her. But I couldn't hold back this time – not when this tsunami of emotions crashed into me and flooded every barrier I'd tried to put up these past weeks.

It was entirely too much.

**

I was laying in Ashley's lap some minutes later, still sniffing while she used her hand to comb the hair from my face. We'd been sitting in silence for a few minutes, not sure of what to say to the other. I'd already told Ashley about Denver, so she had an idea what this was all about.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," I croaked, feeling the need to cry yet again.

"Shh, everything will be fine. Your dad will understand…"

I sniffled. "He'll be so disappointed, and Denver will hate me – I don't know if I can break the news to him."

"Maybe it won't be so bad."

I shook my head. "I know it'll be. He's a no strings type of guy,

and this is the longest freaking string there is."

Ashley continued to rake her fingers through my hair. "Do you want to keep it?"

I blinked. "Of course. The baby has nothing to do with this."

"I know, but this is a lot, Ruth. You have two years left in college. It'll be difficult."

My eyes watered, knowing that to be true. "You're right, but this is mine and Denver's baby. We made it together; I can't…" I trailed off with a sob.

"Shh, I know, I know. Look, your dad will support you, I know it. Plus, it's not like he's broke."

"Ash, he already has me in college. I can't…" I eased up from the bed into a sitting position. "I could maybe skip a year after the baby's born – get a job or something."

"Look, you're getting ahead of yourself. You don't know how Denver will react yet. Even if he doesn't want a relationship, I think he's decent enough to take care of his kid."

I nodded. "Yeah, you're probably right."

She reached out towards me and rubbed my shoulders. "It'll be fine."

I nodded, trying to convince myself of that. "I just wished things were different, y'know?"

"How?"

I swallowed the lump forming in my throat. "I wish things weren't so complicated. I wish I was back at that cabin with Denver and that I didn't feel so guilty about going behind my dad's back and pretending that I wasn't in love with his only friend…" I trailed off with a sigh. "I don't know Ash; everything just seems like a shit show at the moment, and I don't even where I should start cleaning up the mess."

I looked at her and saw the remorseful look in her eyes. She reached for me and rubbed my shoulders. "Well, someone once told me, nothing worth having is ever easy. This might work out better than you expect," she smiled.

I sighed lightly, staring down at my still-flat tummy. "I can't believe I'm gonna be a mom," I choked.

"And you're gonna be a darn good one, too, and I'll be the best godmother."

I sniffled, shaking my head. “You’re so unserious right now.”

She grinned. “I’d be panicking if I was even slightly worried, but I just know whether you go through this with or without Denver, you won’t be alone. You’ll be fine.”

I smiled. “Thank Ash. I’d maybe be tearing my hair out or drowning myself in my own tears if you weren’t here.”

She laughed as she hugged me. Yet, as she did so, I didn’t feel as optimistic as her. There was still this nagging feeling that the worst was yet to come, and I wasn’t even slightly prepared for it.

I couldn’t tell Denver yet – if at all.

Chapter 16

Denver

I couldn't believe I was actually going through with this, but my bags were packed, and I was headed to the airport, my mind made up. I'd already had weeks to think about my decision and was more certain each time.

I wanted Ruth in my life.

I hadn't thought about the technicalities, but I wanted her to know that living without her was no life at all, and I only realized this because she entered my life.

I didn't know what I'd say to Tom or if I could even say anything to him, but I knew I wanted to see Ruth. Sure, he'd probably hate me for the rest of my life, but I was willing to risk the friendship if it meant having Ruth.

What if she'd moved on? I often wondered, but I didn't want to think about that. Ruth was mine; I'd fucked her good enough for her to realize that. I'd gladly remove any man in my way to get to her.

What if she rejected me? There were a ton of questions that should have me second-guessing this whole adventure, but I put them at the back of my mind, not wanting to ponder them. I needed this to work, and that was my only thought.

I landed in L.A sometime later to sun and polluted air that had me turning up my nose. The city was chaotic and was vastly different to Colorado, but I wasn't here to make comparisons. I had only one goal in mind.

I glanced at the phone at the address Tom had given me some years back when he'd told me they'd moved into their new home. I just hoped it was the same place.

It was dark when the Uber dropped me off at the house. It was a modern, LA home with tons of lights already lining the outside as well as the other houses down the line. It felt like a new world compared to my forest cabin, but I supposed it wasn't so bad.

I pulled in a deep breath and walked towards the front door, pausing before I rang the doorbell. I didn't know what I expected, but when silence welcomed me, I frowned.

I glanced at the time. It was just some minutes after seven, but no one was home. I sighed yet again when I remembered Tom's busy schedule and the fact that Ruth might have been on campus. I hadn't thought that far when I decided to come here.

"Fuck," I muttered, fishing my phone from my pocket and searching up Tom's number.

I hesitated before I sent out the call, feeling slightly nervous when it started to ring.

"Denver?" Tom answered.

"Hey, where are you?"

"Er, I'm at the hospital; is everything okay?"

"I'm at your front door; we need to talk," I informed.

"Wait – you're in L.A?"

"Yes, I'm at your house."

"Jesus Christ, is everything okay?' he asked, a slight panic in his tone.

"Yes, Tom. I just need to talk to you; it's important."

"Er… okay, sure. It has to be serious if you've flown all this way. Er – I'll be there in a few minutes."

After the call ended, I released a sigh and leaned against the wall, throwing my knapsack to the floor. I wasn't looking forward to disappointing my friend, but I looked forward to telling him the truth about how I felt about his daughter. I'd done a lot of daring things in my life, but nothing came close to this. I was walking a thin line, but for the first time in a long time, I was willing to step out of my comfort zone.

A car pulled up in the driveway several minutes late,r and I eased up, realizing it was Tom. He got out of the car and waved, while he clumsily got his bag from the back.

He had a smile on his face as he moved towards me.

He chuckled. "Sheesh, I can't believe you're actually here. I almost thought it was a joke, but you were never the type for pranks," he said, fumbling with the keys as he opened the door.

"Come in," he said. Once I stepped in, he closed the door behind me and threw the keys on the entry table. "Can I get you something to drink – I think I might have some beer from some weeks ago… Don't worry, I don't think beer expires easily," he laughed at his own joke and disappeared around a corner. He returned shortly with a

beer in hand.

"Thanks," I said.

He nodded and scratched his head, looking at me from top to bottom. "So, what's going on?"

I took a gulp of the icy-cold beer while Tom took a seat. "Is Ruth here?"

Tom's gaze traveled around the room. "Um, no. She went back to campus a few days ago. She'll start classes soon."

"Oh, that's kinda what I wanted to talk to you about?"

"Ruth?" he asked, brows furrowing.

"Yeah."

Tom rubbed his hands together and adjusted his glasses. "Oh, what about?"

I took a seat as well, pulling in a breath. How did you even break a news like this to your only friend?

"I think I might have feelings for her," I confessed.

Tom shifted a little in his seat and frowned at me. "W- what?"

"I didn't plan on it happening, but it did, and I just have to clear the air," I said.

Tom scratched his head before he rose from the sofa and took his glasses off. "Do you hear yourself? Do you understand what you're saying to me?" he asked, brows furrowing.

"I do –"

"See, I don't think you do," he scoffed. "Because all I'm hearing is that you took advantage of Ruth while she was there with you."

I clenched my teeth. "I didn't take advantage of her," I pointed out firmly.

Tom raked his hand through his hair and started to pace the floor. "Denver, Ruth is twenty years old. You're more than twice her age."

"I'm well aware of the age gap, but I can't continue without letting you both know how I feel."

He shook his head and scratched his forehead. "Do you hear how ridiculous you sound?'

"Ruth and I formed a bond. You know I don't do relationships or that kind of mushy stuff, but I haven't been able to stop thinking

about Ruth."

"Christ," Tom mumbled, still pacing the room. "I can't believe this."

"I wouldn't be here if I wasn't serious about it."

He stopped then to look at me, studying the expression on my face. "What do you want from her because if it's just sex, as much as I consider you a friend, you can leave this house right now."

"It's not just sex. I want everything."

"And how would that work, Denver? She's in college, and you live in a different state?"

"I realized that I haven't been really living back in Colorado. Ruth has made me feel alive, and if I have to move here to be with her, then I'll gladly do so."

Tom muttered a low curse under his breath. "I can't believe this is actually happening. I can't believe you're serious, but you have to be because I've never heard you talk like this before. I've never…" He brushed his hand across his mouth.

"You're both adults, so I can't…" he trailed off and rubbed both hands up and down his face. "I respect you coming here and talking to me about this, and I know you're a good man, Denver, but at the end of the day, the decision lies with Ruth. I – I can only give my opinion on the situation, but I can't make a decision on it."

I swallowed. "So, what are you saying?"a

"If Ruth's happy with it, then…" he threw his hands in the air and sighed. "I can't get in the way of that. You just can't hurt her is all I ask."

I nodded. "Of course not."

My chest bubbled up with happiness. I was one step closer to Ruth.

Chapter 17

Ruth

I lay in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, thinking about the fact that I started classes the following day and still had not developed any courage to even call my dad and inform him about what was happening. I was thinking of delaying it for a few more weeks when I visited home. Maybe by then, I'd have convinced myself enough to go through with it.

"Are you okay?" Ashley asked as she came to sit beside me on the bed.

"Yeah, just thinking," I said.

"That's all you do nowadays," she said with a raised brow.

"Can you blame me? My life has changed completely."

"Yeah, it's a lot, but the longer you wait to break the news to your dad and Denver, the more stress you'll put on yourself."

I sighed. "I don't know if I'm gonna tell Denver," I confessed.

Ashley frowned. "What do you mean?"

I eased up on the bed and sighed. "He likes his life the way it is, Ash. I don't want to disrupt that."

"His life isn't the only one that'll change, and you weren't the only one to make this baby, so whether Denver likes it or not, he's gonna be a father. It should be his choice to decide whether or not he wants to play a part."

I chewed on my bottom lip and hiked up the glasses on my face, pondering Ashley's words. "Yeah, I guess it would be kinda selfish not to tell him?"

Ashley nodded. "I'm just so scared, y'know."

"Yeah, I totally get that."

A knock came at the door, and Ashley and I glanced at each other.

"Are you expecting someone?" I asked.

She shook her head and got up from the bed, moving towards the door.

“Hi, is Ruth here?”

I froze on the bed, my heart suddenly lurching in my chest when I heard the voice. My palms got sweaty right away, and a wave of panic slammed into me as I remained there frozen, wondering if I was hearing correctly.

“Er… I… um, give me a sec,” Ashley said, followed by the slamming of the door.

I met her gaze as she came rushing around the corner, her face gone pale. “It’s him… The pic you showed me, that’s him – he’s right outside the door,” she said, her voice slightly shaky.

I nodded. “I heard –”

“Fuck, he’s huge! How exactly did you manage to ride that stallion?”

“Ashley!” I hissed.

“Right, right… what do you want to do?”

My gaze searched the floor. “What is he doing here?” I questioned.

She shrugged. “I guess there’s only one way to find out.”

I nibbled on my nail before I got up from the bed and tugged at the hem of my shirt. I glanced at Ashley who nodded in encouragement.

“Everything will be fine.”

I pulled in a breath before I moved towards the door and tugged it open. Denver met my gaze, his face lighting up when he saw me. My pulse raced, my body begging for his touch. I wanted to hug him so badly, but there were too many barriers in the way.

Ashley cleared her throat. “Hey, Ruth, I think I’m gonna head out. I’ll see you later?”

I suddenly realized Ashley was in the room. My gaze snapped towards her, and I nodded. “Yeah.”

She smiled, took one glance at Denver who loomed over us, before she went on her way.

It was just Denver and I who remained. I moved to the side to allow him entry.

“What are you doing here?” I asked once I closed the door behind me.

His gaze roamed the entirety of the room. “I wanted to see

you."

My pulse raced. "Why?"

He cleared his throat. "I missed you."

My body stiffened, and my lips parted, unable to believe what he was saying. "Wha-"

"I came here to tell you that I missed you and living without you has been agonizing in every sense. You were only there a few days, and yet everywhere I turn, there's something to remind me of you. I can't function properly without you."

My heart felt like it was about to burst in my chest with the joy that flooded through me. They were exactly the words I wanted to hear and a part of me couldn't believe I was actually hearing them.

But there was another issue. Denver didn't know I was pregnant, and as soon as he found out, I was sure he'd regret those words – ever coming here. The tears flowed from my eyes, and Denver frowned.

"Ruth…" he said, examining my face. "Is everything okay?"

I couldn't control the tears. He reached for me and held me in his arms, but I quickly withdrew, using my hand to wipe my face.

"I'm pregnant," I finally confessed.

Denver's brows furrowed, confusion marring his forehead. I held my breath as I awaited his reaction, my pulse going a mile a second. He took a step back and raked his fingers through his hair, his gaze searching the floor.

"I didn't remember to take precautions while I was there, and I – the time moved so fast I –"

He chuckled, cutting me off. I frowned as I watched him, not knowing how to gage his reaction.

"You're pregnant?" His blue eyes were wide, but to my surprise, the look on his face was nothing close to anger. He looked…happy?

I nodded. "I found out a few days ago."

Before I could fathom what was happening, he pulled me into his arms and hugged me tight. I gasped, unable to process all this.

I broke free from him. "You're not mad?"

He snorted. "Mad? How could I be mad? You have no idea how happy you've made me."

I blinked a few times. "But…"

“I love you, and I want to be with you, Ruth. All you have to do is say you’ll have me.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat, the tears spilling from my eyes. “I – I love you, too. I’ve missed you so much,” I said as I lunged into his arms. He kissed me while I hugged, and we remained in each other’s embrace until we pulled apart.

“I was worried you’d hate me,” I confessed as I took a seat on the bed.

He shook his head. “I could never hate you.”

I smiled. “How did you find me?” I questioned.

“Your dad and I had a talk, and he told me where to come.”

“A talk?” I asked, curious.

“I told him how I felt about you, and he gave me his blessing.”

My eyes widened. “He did.”

Denver nodded, smiling. “He did.”

My lips quivered. “But the baby…”

“Don’t worry about anything. It’s my duty now to take care of both you and the baby. I’m here for you.”

I hugged him again, unable to stop the tears. “I love you.”

Now the words had finally left my lips; there was no better feeling. I’d come to the conclusion a few weeks ago but never thought I’d actually get to say them to him. Now, he was here, and there was no better feeling of being in his arms and being assured that things would be okay. I believed it once he was with me.

Denver was my first and would definitely be my last. He was my everything, and I was suddenly excited for the future with him by my side.

Epilogue

Denver

Three years later

I hopped out of my van, my gaze scanning my busy surroundings while my eyes squinted in the sweltering heat. I glanced at my watch, realizing I was right on time or maybe just a little bit late.

As I was headed off to the entrance of the large structure, my eyes caught someone in the sea of people, and my pulse increased. An immediate smile crept on my lips, my heart filled with a surge of happiness.

I stood there, just watching and waiting for her gaze to meet mine. Her new shoulder length hair now bounced with every movement she took, shimmering under the sun. She had the baby resting on her hips, her suitcase in the other hand while she searched the perimeter for me.

I began walking towards her, intent on relieving her of some of the load, as well as feeling the intense need to finally greet her. As I approached, she saw me, and a smile graced her beautiful face. I chuckled, beginning to run, and before long, she was crashing into my arms. I held them both tightly, closing my eyes as I breathed in their scents and basked in the feeling of finally touching them again.

When we broke free, I looked from one to the other, the smile expanding on my face when Caleb reached for me. I took him and placed smooches on his chubby cheeks, enjoying the way he giggled and then played with my hair.

“God, I’m so happy to see you guys again. It felt like forever,” I admitted while I lowered my head and placed a firm kiss on Ruth’s lips.

“Yeah, a week had never felt so long, right?” she said.

“Damn right,” I agreed, though for the past year, I’d had to leave L.A to come back to Colorado on occasions. However, I had never been longer than that since it felt like agony to be without Caleb and Ruth for an extended period of time.

“Ready?” she asked, looking up at me. “I can’t wait to put my

feet up and enjoy a cold beer," she said.

I smiled at that, remembering a time when Ruth wouldn't even drink it. Now, it was part of who we are and what we opted for most of the time. I reached for her suitcase and pulled it around back before I propped open the trunk and placed it in there. Ruth was still smiling, and I took a moment to admire her beauty, taking note of how much she'd changed over the years – in the best way possible.

Her hair was shorter now, she still wore her glasses, which I realized was one of my biggest turn-ons. Her breasts were fuller now that she had the baby, and so were her curves. Every inch of her was a melting pot of goodness, and after a week of abstinence, I couldn't wait to revel in every inch of her. I could already feel my manhood stirring at the thought and knew that the desire would only heighten with time.

I reached for her hand and brought it to my lips, kissing the wedding band that I'd placed there just before Caleb's birth. I hadn't regretted the decision since and knew that would never happen.

"Ready," I said, as I opened the back door, strapped Caleb in his seat and then went to the driver's seat, Ruth right beside me.

I felt a sense of deja vu as I drove home, remembering three years ago, on a day just like this when I'd collected Ruth from the airport, not knowing she would change my life forever. Years later, and I was still reaping the rewards from her entering my life.

"How's Tom," I asked as we drove.

"Busy as usual, but he wants to take a trip soon, he said. I think he'll be more motivated to since Caleb won't be around anymore."

I chuckled, nodding. "True. It must have torn him to pieces watching you two leave," I said.

"Yeah, he was in shambles at the airport – him and Ashley. It was so sad and it's the fact that I won't be living there anymore, y'know," she said, her gaze narrowed ahead.

I swallowed as I gauged her reaction. "You want this, right? You want to live here? Because if you don't, we could gladly move back to the city – it doesn't matter to me," I said in an effort to reassure her.

Ruth's gaze snapped towards me. "Of course I do. I might miss my dad and Ashley, but this is what I want. A peaceful and organic life with you and Caleb right there beside me. That's my home," she said.

I smiled.

“Years ago, I wanted to come to this place so bad, and when I finally did, it was everything I pictured and more. This is where I want to raise my family, Babe.”

I reached for her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Good.”

Caleb fell asleep on our ride home, while Ruth and I chatted about what went on in my week of absence. Having completed college, it was just her trying to get her life together, though I’d assure her countless times that I could handle things. If she didn’t want to lift a finger for work her entire life, then I’d be fine with that. But being the independent woman she was, Ruth had made it clear she would never settle with that. The most I could have done was convince her to take a year off since she’d just completed college and a break would be the best thing. Plus, throughout her remaining college years, she’s had to go through her pregnancy and raise a baby. Surely, she needed the time before venturing into something heavy again.

“How’s the new job going, by the way?” Ruth asked in the midst of my thoughts.

“It’s only been a few days, but it’s going good.”

“Right, I forgot you’re a low-key nerd under all that muscle.”

I chuckled. “I guess that’s an accurate description.”

“I know it’s been years now, but do you miss being a lumberjack?”

I smiled. “What, are you afraid all this muscle will go soft on you eventually?” I teased.

She laughed and swatted my leg. “You could never go soft on me, but seriously, though, Dad once said you preferred that to being around a computer.”

“I did at a point, but I never hated being a software developer. I just think I needed a break at the time. Now, I get to be home all the time and get to provide wholesomely for my family. I could never hate that.”

She smiled, and I did, too. We ventured off on a path to home. I quickly glanced at Ruth and noticed the way her face lit up, knowing what was to come.

“Close your eyes,” I said.

Ruth bit her lips and did so. I came to a halt shortly after when the view of the house came into my line of sight. I hopped out to help Ruth out from the passenger’s seat. I glanced to the back and realized Caleb’s eyes were fluttering open as well. I took him, slid my hand

around the small of my wife's waist and glanced down at her.

"Open," I said, watching her reaction. Her eyes widened as she feasted her eyes on the structure, her smile extending to the max. She glanced up at me and then again quickly at the structure in front of her.

"Denver, it's perfect," she said, her voice low while she used both her hands to cover her mouth, her eyes shimmering. "Just like we envisioned," she whispered.

"Yeah, this is our home," I said as I looked towards the house which was similar to the one that I'd lived in years ago. This one wasn't as far out as the previous one but was still surrounded by greenery, had a huge front yard and enough rooms to host other people. I'd spent a year, going back and forth from LA to Colorado, wanting to perfect it to finally experience a moment like this with my family. It was finally happening. This was home.

"I love you," I heard Ruth say. I looked down on her and saw all the emotions in her eyes, knowing she meant every single syllable of it.

"I love you, too," I retorted, smiling down at her and looking to Caleb, who had not cast his eyes from the house. My hand tightened around each one of them, knowing I'd never let them go.

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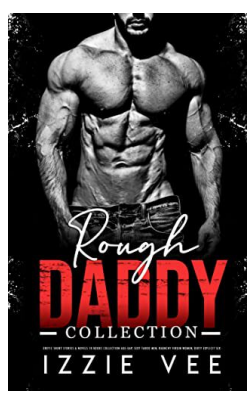

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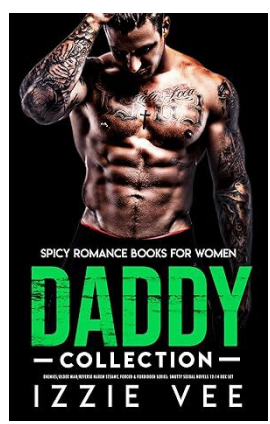

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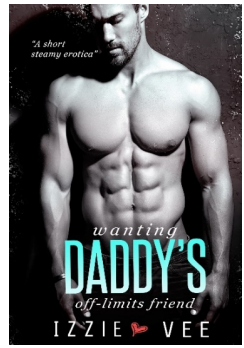

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***